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Making a Gentleman

(Jessie Annie Anderson, in 'Sabbath Reading.')

Allan Christie lived on a large, thriving farm, and was the only son of his widowed mother, who managed everyone and everything around her for what she thought the good of her boy.

It was her great ambition that he should be 'a gentleman,' and as she had no lack of money, and Allan was a fine lad, and a quick scholar, she had no doubt whatever that she would make him a very grand gentleman indeed, if—but this was her trouble—if she could only keep him from being friendly with all sort of 'common' people, who entertained him with sea and war stories, etc., and of liking to sneak away in his oldest clothes, and of hating to wear gloves, even on Sundays!

For you must know that although Mrs. Christie had plenty of money, and was counted a very 'genteel person' indeed, she was the worst kind of 'common person'; she believed in being 'comfortable' and 'superior,' thought it 'very vulgar' to use Scottish words, and made all the young people she knew very much ashamed of themselves by telling them how she was 'looked up to when she was a girl.'

She did not know, and you could not have made her understand, that a boy may like a day in the woods or at the river in his old clothes, may hate gloves, and may find friendships amongst people who have 'grand stories' to tell, and all the more likely to be a frank, friendly, fearless gentleman—one not dependent on outward show. So she went on trying to make him a gentleman.

Worst of all his friends in her opinion was Jack Howie. True, Jack was what she called a 'quiet, nice mannered boy.' She more than suspected that, but for Allan Jack would not spend so many hours puddling for trout, and would have cried off from many an exhausting day in the woods, for he was but a pinched slip of a boy beside Allan; then he was so quick at his lessons that even Allan had often to take the second place; but with all this he looked so poor wth his pale face and his much mended clothes that she felt that really she could never make Allan quite the gentleman he might be so long as Jack was his great chum.

Jack was the youngest of a large family; his father was a laborer, and his brothers drank all they could earn. Of course, Jack was not like his people, but then he had scarcely an educated, and not a single well-off person amongst all his relations, so that for all his good qualities he was not likely to 'get on in the world.'

Things like this said to herself sounded all right, but somehow or another they sounded all wrong when she tried to say them to Allan!

As for Allan, he was puzzled, and wondered why his mother, who had always pence and good things for his better-off friends, could not see what 'a brick' Jack was. So he only shared his own good things with his chum, and championed him all the more.

They were so unlike that the one was not complete without the other, and Allan was so fearless, generous and happy-spirited, and had so many wonderful things to do and tell that poor Jack had attached himself to him as to a hero; and Allan came out as his champion when the delicate boy was like to go to the wall, or when some boy—meaner than boys usually are—would have made sport of his shabby clothes.

Allan's warm heart was made to be kind to the less fortunate, but his mother could not see this; and one evening when he had returned from a long expedition, looking as disreputable as a boy of twelve could well look, her anger broke out.

'You've been at it again, trampin' the country like any cottar laddie, with Jack Howie,' severely eyeing his muddy har-

TRIED GOING TO THE HOWIES WITH HIS LESSONS.

ments, his suspiciously bulging school-bag and a string of trout.

Allan began to feel guilty, and wished that he had not that young hedgehog in his bag, but he said nothing, and his mother went on, 'How often will I tell you that the Howies are not respectable?'

'But Jack's a' richt, and it's him I gang wi',' cried Allan eagerly.

'Don't say "richt" and "gang,"' answered his mother, sharply catching at the only thing in his speech with which she could find fault. 'What's the use of goin' to school if you canna speak properly? That'll be Jack's way of speakin', I suppose. Fine English.'

'Jack writes the best English in the class, the minister says,' replied Allan, doggedly, and Mrs. Christie gave up this point and fell back on her real grievance.'

'You'll never make a gentleman.'

Allan felt that only throwing a stone at something could express his feelings, but he contented himself with declaring that he 'didna want to be a gentleman.'

This was so evident that she was afraid to anger him further at the time, 'for,' she said to herself, 'a body never knew what an angry laddie would turn to'; but all the more firmly did she make up her mind to 'make him feel her mind about that Jack Howie.'

And feel her mind he did from that day onward!

It is surprising how well some people can make you feel their minds, without saying a single word, especially if, as in this case, the minds are not particularly nice.

Allan began to feel that when he and Jack had one of their expeditions he had done something quite as bad as if he had stolen. He grew more and more uncomfortable under the process of being made a gentleman, and even Jack, although he did not know the whole matter, began to give the farm a wide berth instead of appearing of an evening now and then to prepare his lessons with Allan.

Allan tried the experiment of going to the Howie's with his lessons, but this Mrs. Christie positively forbade.

'Jack can come to you, if you need him,' she said, feeling that at last she had a good argument. 'You're not to go to a house of that kind—drunken men about it,' and when Allan objected.

'Jack doesn't like to come here,' she retorted triumphantly.

'Then there's something far wrong with himself if he doesn't like to come amongst decent folk.'

Allan knew that his case was a good one, but he also knew that his mother would likely make some matters worse if he attempted further explanations. So he held his peace; and his mother felt that she had made some progress towards making him a gentleman. In time, she thought, he would go to college, and that Howie laddie would likely get a bursary and go too, and it would never do if the two went as friends—Allan would never be taken out by grand folk unless Howie was got rid of.

So things went on until winter came round. It began with unusual severity, and Mrs. Christie seized the opportunity which it offered to present Allan with a fashionable ulster to go to school with.

Now, although ulsters with hoods were very fashionable at that time, the fashion had not penetrated to the village of Burndykes, and Allan felt he would be everlastingly disgraced in the eyes of the whole school of he appeared in that thing, so he expressed as much of his feelings as he considered safe; but Mrs. Christie only remarked that 'she wasna to kill herself nursin' him through influenza if she could help it,' and, having gained so much ground, she produced a pair of fur-lined, fur-topped gloves.

Allan choked down further expression of his feelings, tore on the offending ulster, made a grasp at the abominable gloves, and departed.

On reaching the playground he saved his reputation at the expense of the ulster by taking a header into a glorious pile of snow which some of the others had already collected. As he picked up his cap and shook the snow from his head, he noticed how pinched and blue Jack looked amongst the ruddy lads around.

He was needing an ulster, if anyone was! And his hands, they were purple and swollen with chilblains. Allan remembered his gloves, and on the impulse presented them with a muttered remark that 'he'd better see an' wear them if he didna want the chilblains to burst.'

Jack accepted them with a glow of deep shame at his own need, a deeper glow of shame that he was so unmanly as to feel glad to have gloves, and a yet deeper glow of admiring gratitude towards his hero.

The impulse over, Allan remembered his mother, but he also remembered that he had a shilling which he had been saving toward a new knife, and when school was over he spent his shilling on a pair of woollen gloves with which, on his own hands, he boldly faced his mother and explained:

'I couldna wear yon things on ilka day, so I bought this.'

Once more Mrs. Christie felt that she had gained a point, and so forbore to press the matter, even when Allan appeared with the woollen gloves on Sunday; the hooded ulster was a great step.

But more than gloves were needed for Jack Howie's comfort. Between thin clothing, poor food, and bullying from his brothers, the little strength he had was leaving him, and one morning he did not appear at school, and on going round to the Howie's cottage to make inquiries, Allan learned that his chum was down with pneumonia.

Mrs. Christie was by no means an unkind woman, and on learning this she sent the sick lad all he could possibly need; and perhaps she sent all the more because she knew in her heart how far wrong she had been, and that now her kindness might be too late.

And it was too late.

Allan came home one day with a curious, set look on his face.

'Mother,' he said, abruptly, 'dae ye ken where my fur-lined gloves are? Weel, they're lyin' inside Jack Howie's coffin. Hei's deid, an' Mrs. Howie says he was that proud o' them that she's pittin them wi' him.'

Something choked him for a minute, but he went on before his conscience-stricken mother had found her voice:

'I gaed him the gloves that day, an' I wish I'd gien him the ulster, an' a'thing I had. I wish I could be a tramp just to get Jack Howie back.'

Then he broke down utterly, and his mother tried to comfort him, and silence her own conscience at the same time, by telling him she was sure nothing could have saved Jack; 'he was aye delicate, not like you.'

'That's it,' said Allan. 'And now, I suppose you think I'll be easy made a gentleman.'

'No, Allan,' Mrs. Christie managed to say; 'I dinna want you to be more a gentleman than you were when you were good to that puir laddie.'

And she was a wiser and better woman in that moment than ever she had been in all her life. In her heart she wondered if she had not been trying to take the making of a gentleman out of God's own hands. Certainly not by her making, but by obeying his own friendly, generous heart would her boy ever be a gentleman. —'Aberdeen Free Press.'

Effectual Prayer.

'A father of a perverse son prayed the Lord to save his son in any way. The son fell dangerously sick, and when nearly past the power of speech, looking up, exclaimed, in agony of spirit, "My father's prayers like a mountain surround me." He recovered and led a new life.' Melancthon was thought to be dying, when friends sent for Luther. When Luther came Melancthon said: 'O Luther, is this you? Why don't you let me depart in peace?' Luther replied: 'We can't spare you yet, Philip.' Turning around Luther threw himself down upon his knees, and wrestled with God for Melancthon's recovery for upwards of an hour. Luther then went from his knees to the bed and took his friend by the hand. Again Melancthon said: 'Dear Luther, why don't you let me depart in peace?' 'No, no, Philip, we can't spare you yet,' was Luther's reply, when he ordered some soup. When pressed to take the soup Melancthon declined, again saying: 'Dear Luther, why will you not let me go home and be a' rest?' Luther replied again: 'We cannot spare you yet, Philip;' and then said: 'Take this soup, or I will excommunicate you.' It is needless to say that Philip took the soup and recovered, and for many years labored for God.—The Rev. R. H. McGare.

'Della Memorial Fund.'

The following amounts have been received for the 'Della Memorial Fund.'

Mrs. Nelson Lane, Silverdale, Ont.	$ .20
Ethel Lane, Silverdale, Ont.	.20
Mrs. N. Comfort, Silverdale, Ont.	.20
Mary H. Rae, Strathadam, N.B.	.30
'A Well-Wisher in God's Cause,' Hall's Prairie, B.C.	.60
Mrs. Wm. Anderson, North Georgetown, Que.	.40
A Friend, Grafton, N.S.	.20
V. Spratt, Johnston's Corners, Ont.	.20
Mrs. S. E. Bond, Strathroy, Ont.	.20
W. E. Connelly, North Clarendon, Que.	.20
Mrs. R. Rutherford, Sand Hill, Ont.	.25
Myrtle Lee, Hamilton, Ont.	.30
L. G. Wright, Victoria, P.E.I.	.25
Nellie Volly, Regina, N.W.T.	1.40
Mrs. L. M. Deming, Erwin Home, New Briton, Conn.	.25
Douglas, Donald and Lila Ledgerwood, Routledge, Man.	1.00
Mrs. Jas. M. Corliss, Corliss, Que.	.20
Agnes Henderson, Condie, Assa.	.20
	$6.52

BOYS AND GIRLS

Joe and the Foreman

(Milford W. Foshay, in 'Good Cheer.')

'Your account's out just one loaf, young fellow,' the foreman of the bakery, Mr. Jacques, said to the boy who stood before him.

Joe Marston tried to think of any sale for which he failed to make collection. His business was to deliver bread a day old throughout a district in which poor people lived who preferred the stale loaves because they were a cent apiece cheaper than the fresh ones. Mr. Jacques was a gruff man, and apparently without the kindly disposed heart that is sometimes thought to be hidden under a rough exterior. At any rate, he held the drivers of the bread waggons to a very strict account.

'Oh, I know now, sir,' Joe suddenly exclaimed, as recollection came to him. 'Old Mrs. Machon hadn't had anything to eat since yesterday, and I let her have a loaf until to-morrow.'

'Then why didn't you pay for it yourself? We're not running a charity ball. If she pays you back, all right; but you'll have to fork over now.'

Joe handed out the four cents, looking as if he had committed a crime. When the foreman went away (he was a large stockholder in the company) some of the working girls expressed their opinion of him in vigorous terms.

'The mean old thing! I don't believe he's got any heart,' said one. 'You did right, Joe. I guess the Gem Baking Company can stand four cents! Here, Joe, you're not going to lose it,' and Joe was offered the money.

'No, I won't take it, 'cause I ought to pay for the loaf myself. I see it now, but I thought I was doing right. The bread wasn't mine to give away, and I won't do it again unless I'm willing to pay for it.'

Although he saw where he had done wrong, the sympathy of the girls was very grateful to him and restored his confidence. He was so poor himself that he had a hard enough time to make ends meet, yet he felt glad that he gave the loaf to the destitute old woman; or, rather, trusted her with it, for he was to be paid on the following day. But he now saw that he had no right to trust other people's property, and that he ought to have paid for it without being told to by the foreman.

After his delivery on the next day, Joe again handed in his report.

'Correct, this time. Didn't find any poor old starving body, eh?' the foreman asked, jeeringly.

Joe did not make any reply, but went to his work; while the girls turned up their noses at the back of the foreman.

The place where they were working was on the fourth floor, and a large quantity of flour in sacks had been piled there recently to be used while the basement was undergoing some repairs. Suddenly there was a creaking, groaning sound heard, and the floor began to sink. Those nearest the windows, which were open, ran toward them; but only three reached them before the building collapsed, the walls bent inward, and machinery, flour, men and woment went crashing through to the basement.

In a moment screams of agony came up from those below who were being crushed in the wreckage. Joe had caught hold of a window sill, and had no difficulty in drawing himself to a seat on the ledge; but the wall itself was tottering, and he was in great danger.

The cry came from some one near him, and Joe looked inward. Two girls who had expressed their sympathy with him when he was reprimanded by the foreman were hanging to the sill. To let go meant to fall to the basement, and almost certain death; yet they could not hold on longer than a few minutes. Joe felt his nerves tingle at the thought.

He turned to the outside. The fire escape was about six feet beneath him, and although twisted by the bulging of the wall, it ran up to the window where the girls were hanging. He dropped to it, and then made his way to the upper window as rapidly as possible. Bracing his feet against the iron railing and his shoulder against the side of the window, he grasped the arm of one of the girls and pulled with all his might, telling her to help herself at the same time with her other hand. She did so and was soon leaning through the window, from where she made short work of getting out on the fire escape.

Then Joe tried to help the other girl in the same way. But she had been holding on for a few second longer than her companion, so that when Joe took her by the arm she let go of the window with the other hand also. This threw her entire weight on him, and he was drawn inward in spite of his utmost endeavor.

It was a terrible moment. With every muscle strained until his eyes seemed to start out of his head, and the sharp corner of the casement cutting his shoulder, he felt himself being overcome. As he thought of the terrible death for both of them if he was drawn over the ledge, or for her if he let go his hold on her arm, he gasped,

'Catch the sill with your other hand, quick!'

She understood and tried to do so, but her effort in reaching up pulled him so far inward that the movement greatly increased their peril, and caused her fingers to fall short of the sill by an inch or two.

'I can't!' she screamed in a frenzy of fear, her fingers scratching the paint in their wild grasping to secure a hold.

Just then both felt an upward and outward motion to their bodies. The girl first rescued heard her companion's wild scream, and at once seized the hand of the arm which Joe held, pulling outward with all her might. This assistance came not a moment too soon, and with it Joe was enabled to drag the girl safely to the ledge.

They were obliged to rest a moment, and then began to make their way down the escape. No time was to be lost, for coals from the furnace had started a fire, and as gas pipes had been twisted off, the blaze would spread rapidly. On reaching the third floor a portion of the walls which had fallen across the escape was encountered, and they could go no further. Already the smoke and heat were in their faces.

'Girls,' Joe said, 'there's nothing to do but jump, so come on,' and he started to assist them over the railing of the escape, and in this way to let them down as far as possible before they dropped.

But at this moment the firemen arrived in the alley, and although it was choked up with the fallen bricks, they planted ladders and started up for Joe and the girls. One at a time the latter were carried below.

'Follow me down,' the fireman said to Joe, as he received the second girl over the railing, 'and be quick about it. The fire is coming!'

Joe turned to look at the approaching flames, and on bringing his eye back it took in the mass of ruins beneath him.

'Go to the second floor!' he suddenly shouted to the firemen, and he disappeared inward over the broken wall.

What had led him to take such a perilous step? Lying head downward over a beam, he saw Mr. Jacques and determined to rescue him. Sliding along a steel girder which inclined that way, Joe jumped to the place where the foreman lay, with his clothing caught on a spike. He was unconscious but still breathing. Had it not been for that spike, he would have been buried under the ruins at the first crash. But other parts of the wall were occasionally falling in, the fire was advancing, and he must be removed at once or left to his fate.

The beam, fortunately, was leaning outward toward the point where the wall had fallen away from it, and the inner end was hanging on a wire which was attached to it. When Joe leaped to the beam, all he had to do was to shove the shoulders of the unfortunate man on to the timber, in order to make it safe to release his clothing; otherwise he would fall, since he was too heavy for Joe to hold.

To get Mr. Jacques' shoulders on the beam was no easy task, however, for Joe's strength had been nearly used up already; but it was accomplished, after which Joe took out his pocket knife to cut the clothing away from the spike. It is not likely that he could have guided the body down the incline, and all his labor would have been lost; but the firemen came to his assistance, having hurried to the second floor to see what had become of him. With their aid Mr. Jacques was taken out safely and sent away in an ambulance, while Joe, too weak to be of any further service, went home.

The fourth day from the collapse of the Gem Baking Company's building, Joe received a message to visit Mr. Jacques in the hospital. When he was shown to the cot on which the injured foreman lay, he found him as gruff as ever.

'Well, you've not had a chance to give away any bread to hungry people for a few days, eh?' was the greeting he met with.

Joe was so confused that he could answer only,

'N-no, sir.'

'Should think not,' Mr. Jacques grunted. 'Get hurt any?'

'No, sir.'

'Well, I did. A broken head and a shoulder out of joint. Those girls up on the fourth floor seem to like you well, eh?'

'I-I don't know,' Joe stammered.

'I do. Been here and told me about how

you saved their lives. Saved mine, too, didn't you, eh?' and the injured man looked and spoke as if he were ready to give Joe a lecture for doing so.

'I helped to get you out of the building, sir.'

'Well, we'll be running again in a few weeks and I want you back at your work.'

'Thank you, I shall be glad of the chance.'

'And you can give away a loaf of bread to anybody you find starving. Understand?'

Joe was beginning to, although Mr. Jacques talked as if he were scolding vigorously.

'Now, here's an order on our treasurer,' the foreman resumed, 'to pay you your wages every week until we get to work. Understand?'

'Yes, sir, and thank you very much.'

'Well, I'm doing a little thanking in my own way, too, so that's all right. Now, the doctor says I got such a shaking up that I mustn't talk to anybody very long at a time, so I guess you'd better go.'

'Very well, sir, good-bye.'

'Good-bye.'

When Joe was about ten feet from the cot, Mr. Jacques called him back. For the first time since he knew him, Joe saw a wistful, kind look in the foreman's eyes as he asked:

'Couldn't you come back to see me day after to-morrow?'

'Yes, sir, and glad to,' Joe answered, feeling a lump rise in his throat, he could not tell why.

How Sponges Take Vengeance

Prince Albert of Monaco, in his recently published and interesting book, 'A Navigator's Career,' relates how one bright night, when all the sea was agleam with phosphorescence, the prince and his companions gathered a large crop of sponges. 'Each one of these beautiful soft sponges,' he writes, 'had, as we gathered them, filled our hands with tiny spikes which had pricked their way in underneath our skins, and broke off there, and for days afterwards we suffered agonies of irritation. The sponges took their vengeance posthumously. For a week or more each man of us went about with red hands hanging limply and with outspread fingers, so that these fingers might not rub against each other. We dared not shake hands, we dared touch nothing, we dared hardly eat or drink, for it was agony to clasp or clutch the slightest thing. It was the sponges' vengeance on their murderers.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of six new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

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The Mark of the Cross

(Alfreda Post, in the 'Congregationalist' and 'Christian World.')

From a Bedouin encampment on the edge of the Syrian desert, a large-eyed, wistful child drove her tiny donkey, with his load of goatskin water-bottles, to a sluggish rill. Following him into the ooze with her bare feet, she filled the bottles with the muddy water and started him up the bank with a loud 'Hanghh!'

Here her energy left her and she gave way to the melancholy which had become her deepest feeling. Crouching upon the bank, her chin upon her knees, she groaned, 'O Allah! why have you cursed me?' She drew back her loose sleeve and moodily studied the tattooing on her arm. It was the usual indigo stain of the Bedouins, but the figures were strange, to Najla unintelligible; only one stood out distinctly, the figure of a cross. She dipped her left hand in the water and mechanically rubbed the markings.

'If they would only wash out I might be free from the curse.'

Suddenly she was startled by a voice behind her almost painful in its eagerness. 'How did you get those marks?'

Najla scrambled to her feet in confusion, too abashed to answer.

'Is your name Najla?' asked the young man again, trembling with earnestness.

'How did you know?' exclaimed Najla amazed.

'Look!' he cried, and pulling up his own sleeve, he revealed to Najla's astonished gaze an arm marked with the same figures as her own.

'Don't you remember your brother Faris? Think, when you were a little child!'

'When my mother was alive? Yes, I had forgotten all about it; he used to carry me on his back.'

'Yes, and you wore silver anklets with tinkling bells,' and Faris pulled out from his bosom a child's anklet such as he had described.

Najla grasped it eagerly. 'Oh, how wonderful! I remember it perfectly, and they took the other away and beat me for losing this.'

'Poor little Najla!' said Faris, taking both her hands. 'It was cruel of me to run away from you after our parents died. But I meant even then to come back for you, and took the anklet to prove you were mine.'

'Where did you go?' asked Najla.

'I wandered about almost perishing for food and water,' he replied, 'until I was picked up by some cameleers and taken to a town. They left me in a mission school, where they took me in with kindness that I had never dreamed of; and do you know why they did it?' Faris again eagerly caught his sister's hand. 'It was because of the story on your arm!'

Najla looked aghast. 'You are mad, my brother, what do you mean?'

'It's a beautiful story,' Faris answered. 'My teacher's wife would seat me beside her, with her soft hand on my arm, pointing out the figures and telling me about them.'

'Have these marks a meaning?' exclaimed Najla.

'Look!' Faris took her wrist. 'This cross is the centre of all; the long figure beside it is a ladder; here is a hammer with three nails, and a sponge on the end of a staff, and this above is a crown—Oh, Najla, it was a crown of thorns!'

'I don't understand,' said Najla.

'Poor little Najla, of course not, but I will tell you about it until you love it better than anything in the world; don't you remember when our mother used to tell it?'

'No,' said Najla, 'did she know it?'

'Why, Najla,' said Faris, 'our mother was a Christian girl and our father carried her away from her village home and made her his wife; you can't remember how often she used to weep for her own people. She was so afraid that we children would grow up without knowing all about the cross that she tattooed the story upon our arms, believing that sometime, some one would tell us what it meant.'

'But a Christian is a base, mean thing,' said Najla, still perplexed. 'I suppose this is why all the tribe curse me.'

'Little sister,' said Faris, 'I am going to take you away from all that, away over the Black River to the land of the Christians!'

'The Black River!' gasped Najla in terror, 'the jinn would catch us!'

'What are you talking about?' asked Faris.

Najla lowered her voice, her black eyes dilated with horror. 'Don't you know about the jinn that our first Sheikh Sleiman exorcized from his wife's heart and imprisoned in the Black River? Ever since he has waited to catch some member of our tribe and take vengeance, and none of our people dare cross that river.'

Faris laughed gayly. Najla, there are no such things as jinns. Look at me! I have crossed that river twice!'

Najla gazed at him stupefied. 'Perhaps you have a charm.'

A sudden bright smile lighted Faris's face. 'Yes, I have: it is a beautiful promise of God: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." How shall I make you understand? You are God's child; you have his marks upon your arm; no jinn, if there were such things, would have power over you.'

Najla's eyes blazed with a new light. 'Do you mean that when the jinn saw the holy marks on my arm he would be sore afraid?'

'Yes,' said Faris gently, 'if you like to think of it that way, you will understand better by and by.'

Najla clasped her trembling hands and her eyes glistened with mingled fear and trust. 'My brother, I will go with you, if it is to life or death.'

Faris took her hand solemnly in his. 'Let us go now; my horse is here.'

Najla's serious face broke into a smile of amused compassion. 'We might as well hang to the ropes of the wind! The Bedouins would track us at once.'

'Then what can we do?' asked Faris.

Najla thought a while. 'In the first place we must start separately. You might go to the Suleib camp beyond those knolls, four hours away. I shall return to our camp and in the night escape over the rocks in an ancient cistern an hour away, over there. I will hide three days till the tribe are tired of hunting for me; then you can meet me.'

'You could beat the Sheitan!' exclaimed Faris admiringly; then with a new thought, 'what will you eat those three days?'

She looked at him meaningly. 'We Bedouins keep alive because even death is so scarce.'

They kissed each other solemnly and parted.

Najla drove her donkey into camp under a fire of imprecations at her delay.

'Your life be cut off!'

'Your light be put out!'

And as a climax, 'Allah send you a husband to beat you twice a day!'

But she went stolidly on with her work, and that night fled with noiseless footsteps over the rocks. The ancient cistern which she had chosen was overgrown with bushes at the narrow mouth. She pulled these aside to peer into the inky blackness below, shuddering, knowing she could never climb out alone. It took all her courage to let herself down over the edge. She dropped upon the dry, stony bottom unhurt but terrified. The darkness closed upon her, unbroken save by the glimmer of the stars through the bushes overhead. She cowered upon the floor, fearing to touch the unseen walls of her chamber, which her overwrought mind filled with venomous creatures. Alone! alone! the world hopelessly out of reach! What if Faris should never come!

Daylight came at last, showing the cistern walls to be harmless rock and plaster, and she gladly crouched against them now to avoid being seen from above. All day her ears were straining for the sound of footsteps. She used her scant supply of food and water frugally, but soon nothing remained but frantic thirst and feverish visions of Bedouins pursuing and jinns starting up in the river before her.

In the meantime Faris had reached the group of goat-hair shelters forming the Suleib camp. He knew they were the poorest of all the tribes, hence at war with none and so more ready to protect him. Faris was greeted kindly by the people in their gazelle tunics and taken to a tent where a supper of dried gazelle meat was served.

'We give you the trophies of our hunters,' said the Sheikh; 'Allah, who has deprived us of flocks, has thus given us a recompense.'

'His name be exalted,' answered Faris.

'Tell me,' said the Sheikh, as Faris reached out his hand, 'is this a charm on your wrist?'

Faris flushed; he had not meant to reveal himself. 'My secrets are in your hands,' he said.

'Wallah!' said the Sheikh, 'never would a Suleib reveal the secrets of his guest.'

'Then I will tell you about it; it belongs to you as much as to me.'

The dusky group listened in rapt attention while Faris told them the story of the cross.

'That sounds like the cursed religion of the Nazarenes,' said one.

'Call no man's religion cursed,' said Faris, 'until you know it, and least of all curse the Holy One who died upon the cross.'

'The lad is right,' said the Sheikh; 'none but a holy man would give himself for others.'

Before sunrise the next morning, Faris heard angry voices outside his tent. 'You are sheltering a vagabond townsman, a tiller of the ground—fry his heart in his blood!'

'But what proof have you that he stole the maid?' asked Faris's host.

'Proof enough. We found her footsteps on the bank mingled with his; the print of his shoes shows he is a townsman, and the firmness of his tread tells that he is young and his horse's footprints testify he is now with you! And of course he has brought her with him!'

'At what hour did the girl disappear?' asked the Suleib Sheikh.

'She was with us till midnight, she must have escaped before dawn.'

'But our guest arrived at sunset alone, hours before she escaped; I can prove it; and he has been with us ever since. Come see his horse, feel his muscles, you can see he has rested all night; that mud on his feet is twelve hours old! See the hoofprints, blown over with dust, those are not fresh!'

The Bedouin examined the marks, then bent down and smelt them. 'Yes, the odor is gone, you are right,' and the pursuers left disappointed.

On the third day Faris left them, and taking a roundabout course, reached the cistern by nightfall. Eagerly pulling aside the bushes, he called, 'Najla! little sister! are you there?'

'Faris!' answered a choking voice from the darkness.

Faris unwound his girdle, and letting down one end gently drew Najla up. The exhausted child threw herself upon his neck with tears in her eyes.

'Drink this leban,' he said, holding a small leather bottle to her lips. 'There! you can do anything now.'

He swung her upon the saddle behind him and they were off. The journey was one of many days in a burning wilderness, often without food or water, but at last Faris pointed out a line of green in the distance: 'There is the Black River!'

Najla grasped his arm tightly. 'The jinn is there!'

Just then a gunshot sounded behind them, and they looked back in terror to see the Bedouins in hot pursuit.

'They have tracked us!' gasped Najla.

'God must decide it,' breathed Faris, bending forward and putting his spurs into his horse. The creature bounded forward to the utmost of his jaded strength, while the shots continued from behind. They were now close upon the stream. Najla, now doubly terrified, clung to her brother.

'Remember you are God's child,' he said.

Burying her face upon her brother's shoulder, she lifted her bare right arm with the cross upon it above her head.

The stream was passed. 'We are safe!' cried Faris.

They hurried up the further bank as the baffled pursuers reached the stream and stopped.

'They will not ride into it,' cried Najla; 'they have no cross to protect them.'

The Bedouins turned back in rage, and Faris and Najla rode on to the new life.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date there on is Feb., 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

At the Sign of the Wooden Shoe

(Lee McCrae, in the 'Junior Christian Endeavor World.')

Belville Avenue had not always been an aristocratic street. In fact, the inhabitants of the city still stumbled over the word 'Avenue,' the paint had hardly dried upon some of the modern houses that lined its sides, and all their door-mats still looked new. The various property-owners had worked so harmoniously in the matter that only one eyesore remained in three blocks,—an old-time, ramshackle little house occupied by the little shoemaker and his big family.

Surely the house alone was enough of a trial to the wealthy neighbors without its being full to overflowing with small Heimburgers, and that awful, awful red and black wooden shoe hanging over the wooden gate where none could fail to see! In vain did the adjacent property-owners try to buy the place; its price was out of all reason, for the Heimburgers' landlord really meant to pull down and build greater one of these days, and, incidentally, pocket the profits himself.

Meanwhile the Heimburgers dwelt there in innocent joy; the shoemaker smoked his horrible pipe and put ill-smelling leather patches upon old shoes; the frau went about with her short skirt pinned up and her sleeves rolled above her elbows, trying vainly to keep the majority of the dirt outside; and the children—only seven in number—rolled over the steps regardless of neighbors, and took turns swinging upon the wooden gate. All the while Belville Avenue looked the other way as hard as it could.

About this time Karl, the eldest Heimburger, aged fifteen, achieved distinction. He became delivery boy at a corner grocery at a salary of four dollars a week. When he rattled up the street and tied his horse in the shadow of the red and black shoe, the Heimburger family could have been no prouder had he left an automobile standing there. And the four dollars a week! A fortune in Germany hunting for Heimburger heirs could have made them no happier!

The first week's earnings were most sensibly put into an overcoat (as it was February and the ground-hog had declined to announce an early spring), and the clothier, divining the fact that it was first wages, slipped a pair of warm mittens into the pocket. Neither he nor the boy dreamed how much these would mean during the weeks to come.

The second four dollars were almost earned. One evening just at dusk Karl put up his horse at the barn back of the corner grocery as usual, and started home eager for the hot supper which his mother never failed to keep for him. But just as he reached the wooden gate his father's voice called from out the shoe-shop window:

'Ach, Karl, shtay where you vas at! One ob the twins has scarlet fevers got, and we vas all quaranteed! If you comes in you be quaranteed too, and not got to vork no more. Ach, mein poy, vot vill we do mit nopoddy pringing shoes to mend, and der doctor's pills to pay?' The poor man dropped his pipe, and the big tears fell.

'Which twin's got it?' questioned the boy.

'Freda, I tink it vas; yes, Freda; but all vill half it, and dey vill die!'

'Oh, no, fadder; lots of people half fevers!' cried Karl. He seemed all at once to be grown in size and voice. Instinctively the shoemaker knew it. He peered into the darkness, trying to comprehend the miracle that had transformed his boy into a man. The brave voice went on:

'I will go and sleep in the hay-loft of the barn, and to-morrow I will bring food from the store and put it inside the little gate. When I whistle, you can open the window and tell me how Freda is.'

'Ya, ya. Dot vas good plan. But don't tell dot storekeeper, or he not let you vork no more mit him. Ach, dot plessed four dollars!'

Clearly the father was too excited over matters within the house to consider the boy's situation or his strange feelings as he turned back, cold and hungry, and groped his way to the barn. Taking the straw-stuffed buggy-seat out of the delivery waggon and the ragged quilt he had been using for a lap-robe, he climbed into the loft, dug a deep hole into the hay, buttoned his overcoat, and rolled himself up to sleep, his last thoughts being not of supper nor even breakfast, but of his little pet Freda and the 'quaranteed' home.

But after a sound sleep breakfast was the main issue. Thought Karl, 'We are allowed to eat at the store, though of course we are not expected to live off it. But what can I do? No money, must not let Mr. Biggs know 'bout Freda, and I "got" to eat!'

So, stifling his honest conscience as best he could, he made his appearance at the grocery back door on time, and set about making up his orders for the morning. Into the baskets went some loose crackers, some raisins and prunes, two apples and a banana. 'I'll work a bit harder to-day to pay for them,' he said confidentially to the horse as they started on their rounds.

At noon he said to his proprietor, 'Mr. Biggs, my folks would like to trade at your store altogether; so, if you'll let me, I'll just check out my four dollars a week in groceries.'.

It sounded a bit patronizing. Mr. Biggs suppressed a smile, and answered: 'Well, very well. See Matson about it, and keep your book carefully.'

So there was a goodly pile of bundles laid at the wooden gate, although he knew that it would take shrewd buying to make four dollars spread over seven days.

At first, things seemed to go pretty well. It was so manly a thing to feel that he and he alone was supporting the family so dear to him.

But, alas, the day came when the coal-pile ran low; when a cold, windy snow-cloud came out of the north; when the doctor said that little Freda would surely die that night. So much raw cold food was having its effect upon the boy, and for two nights he had been too cold and weak to sleep; yet, when this news came, he could think only of the misery in the little shoe-shop home.

When the horse had been put up and fed, he hurried down to Belville Avenue, and seated himself upon the curbing on the opposite side of the street from the red and black shoe. Through the curtainless, small-paned window of the shop flickered a dim light; but it showed his father sitting upon the cobbler's stool, his head bent down in his hands, the pipe lying unheeded upon the bench. While the boy looked on in helpless misery, he saw his mother pass through the room, with her head wrapped in her apron.

Suddenly his father rose, went to the old cupboard in the corner, and drew from it his dust-covered violin.

Karl knew that one string was gone, that the bow was bent, that he was to blame for both; but he also knew how his father could play. Ah, how he 'could' play! How long had it been? months? years? why, yes, not since the twins came six years ago!

The cobbler's fingers had had too much else to do and they were too stiff to hold the violin's strings. 'Freda must be better,' thought the boy. But the moment the bow was drawn across the strings he knew that she was dead. It was a wail, a dirge, that quivered out on the night air. It struck a dumb terror to the brother's heart. He bent his head against the cold iron hitching-post, and wished himself in Freda's place.

The door of the large house behind him opened, and a flood of bright light poured out upon the curbing as the owner stepped outside with his eyes fixed upon the little house opposite.

Karl tried to edge out of sight. The movement attracted the man's gaze, and he called sternly:

'Hello, there, what are you loafing about my premises for?' A few strides brought him beside the boy, who, when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, staggered to his feet and turned a pinched, tear-stained face upward.

'I'm not loafing. That is—I'm—I'm Karl Heimburger. They're quaranteed in, and I'm quaranteed out,' pointing across the way. 'Freda's dead, or fadder would not play that way. And—and I can't even see her buried!'

The man's hand dropped. There was a bit of silence; then he asked, 'Where are you living?'

'Nowhere. I sleeps at the barn—only don't tell Mr. Biggs!'

The exquisitely tender strains of the violin seemed to steal into the heart of Belville Avenue's most aristocratic resident.

'Come into the house and tell me about —about it,' he said, half pushing the boy up the steps and into the warm hall.

'There's not—nothing to tell,' stammered Karl in confusion, spreading his mittened hands upon the radiator. 'Just they are quaranteed in, and I'm quaranteed out, and Freda's dead, and the other twin is tooken it.'

'Well, they've been comfortable there, haven't they? We've seen you taking provisions to the gate.'

'Oh, I earn four dollars a week!' was the proud reply.

'But where did you say you'd been living?'

Karl squirmed perceptibly. 'I—oh, mostly at the barn—and at the store in daytime, you know.' There was a prolonged pause; then he blurted out:

'Please! You won't tell Mr. Biggs, will you? I mean to pay him back for every cracker I've eat just as soon as fadder can get to work again. I couldn't help eatin'! I got so hungry workin' with the stuff!'

'Do you mean that you haven't had anything except what you could pick up about the store?'

Karl nodded. Again they heard the plaintive cry of the violin from across the street, and the boy with a half-smothered sob bent his head upon the radiator in reply to it.

The man left the room abruptly. A few minutes later Karl found himself sitting at a dining-room table, drinking a cup of hot coffee, while his host paced the floor and asked questions which were answered somewhat reluctantly until the subject turned upon his father's music; then he waxed eloquent.

When the coffee-cup was empty and the slice of cold meat had disappeared, the host called a hired girl, and said: 'There's a little back room where this boy can go to sleep—it's warmer than a barn, anyway. Show him up to it, Jane, and see that he gets something warm to eat three times a day. We can't let a neighbor go hungry when he's supporting a family of nine.'

A month later the Heimburger family moved away. It was to a far less aristocatic street, where many more patched shoes were worn; but it was into a much better house. The old violin never went back upon the top shelf, for the shoemender is now first violinist in the orchestra of the Mannerchor, of which his opposite neighbor upon Belville Avenue is the highly esteemed president. And the concerts are so many and the pay so good that there is little need to swing out the red and black shoe over the new front gate.

'But it wouldn't seem like dot vas home mitoudt it,' exclaimed Mr. Heimburger as he nailed it fast.

Karl still delivers goods for Biggs and Company at a salary of four and a half dollars a week! He has paid for every cracker and every prune he took, too.

And up and down the length of Belville Avenue there are long sighs of satisfaction as the walls of a stately apartment house go up upon the very spot where once the eyesore stood.

The Money That Slips Away.

'I get fifteen dollars a week, and I never have a single cent of it when Saturday comes,' said a boy of nineteen to me one day not long ago.

'Perhaps you have someone beside yourself to support,' I said.

'No, I do not,' was the reply. 'I pay four dollars a week for my room and board at home, and all the rest goes.'

'How does it go?'

'Well, it just seems to slip away from me somehow or other. I just cannot save a cent of it. There's so much to tempt a fellow to spend money nowadays. I never expect to save a cent.'

I looked at the young man as he stood before me. He wore a handsome suit of clothes. His tie must have cost a dollar and a half, and he had a pin on the tie for which he had said rather boastingly that he had 'put up eight dollars.' His link cuff buttons were showy and expensive. A full-blown rose for which he paid twenty-five cents was in his buttonhole, and one of his pockets was bulging out with expensive confectionery. I heard him say that he and 'some of the other fellows' were going to have a box at the opera the next night, and that it would cost them

three dollars apiece. And yet he could hardly tell just why it was that he could not save anything.

Now, the men who have made themselves independent and who have money to spend for the good of others were not like this young fellow when they were boys. Had they been like him they would never have been independent. I suspect that this boy will verify his own prediction that he will never save a cent. He certainly will not until he acquires more wisdom than he seems to have at the present time. The wealthiest man I know once told me that from his earliest manhood he made it a fixed rule never to spend all that he had earned.

And yet he is by no means niggardly, for he gives away thousands every year to the suffering and for the benefit of humanity in general. There were temptations for him to spend all his earnings, but he did not yield to them. I have heard him say that he never went in debt for anything. If he could not pay for it, he went without it.

It is certainly proof of a great lack of force of character when a man allows all of his earnings to 'slip away from him somehow or other.' There is an unhappy future in store for the boy who spends all that he earns. The boy who begins by doing this is sure to spend more than he earns before very long.

You may set it down as a fact that if you do not save anything in your young manhood you will be sure to have a poverty-stricken and dependent old age, and there are no sadder people in this world than the old who are wholly dependent on the charity of others for their support. If all that you earn is 'slipping away' from you, you will be wise if you go straight to a savings bank as soon as you receive your salary, and there deposit a fixed proportion of your earnings before it 'slips away' from you. And having once deposited it, let nothing tempt you to draw it out. Any successful business man will tell you that this is good advice.—'Young People.'

Taking Interest.

'I've come to the conclusion,' said a young man, 'that the most attractive girls are those who seem most interested in people and things. A girl may be pretty and bright, but if she isn't interested she doesn't count for much.' He had just returned from a gay house party, and this was one of the general impressions gained in his new experiences. His opinion in regard to girls is doubtless shared by most of us in regard to both men and women. The ones with whom we enjoy talking, who brighten and enrich our lives, and to whom we turn for sympathy and aid, are those who take interest—interest not only in us, but in people and things in general.—'Congregationalist.'

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Her Birthday.

Honor the dear old mother and make your love plain to her. Doubtless she is the object of much tender love and holy reverence. But have you manifested your affection as plainly as you should? You feel a worthy pride in her long and useful career. But to her own retrospect, life's history is largely a record of failure; of efforts defeated and anticipations unfulfilled. She needs encouragement. Let her hear the praise that you feel she deserves. It will not make her vain, but may give her needed comfort. Let her have all the help of all sorts that love can bring her.

A lady who spent some time among the peasants of the Tyrol, writes the following:

'The morning after our arrival we were awakened by the sound of a violin and of flutes under the window, and hurrying down, found the little house adorned as for a feast—garlands over the door and wreathing a high chair which was set in state. The table was already covered with gifts, brought by the young people whose music we had heard. The whole neighborhood were kinsfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree. They were very simple, for the donors are poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruits, loaves of bread; but upon all some little message of love was pinned. "Is there a bride in the house?" I asked of my landlord. "O no," he said. "We do not make such a bother about our young people. It is grandmother's birthday."

'The grandmother, in her spectacles, and white apron and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to each one who came.'—'The New World.'

Living Within One's Income.

'Father, will you please lend me a dollar?'

'Yes, Carl. But, my son, this is the second this month. Is not your allowance large enough? I will increase it willingly, but I want you to learn to live within your means.'

'I know, father, and I do try. As you know, I never borrow of anyone else.'

'That is right, my boy. Always come to me if you want money. You do manage well, and I trust you perfectly, so if you need more each month we will see to it.'

'It would be fine to have more, but I do not need it. I spend too much the first of the month on luxuries, and I find I need something for necessities at the close. I do not run in debt, so what can I do but come to you to advance some on my next month's allowance?'

'You do just right about that. It is a great comfort to know that you run no bills and apply to no one else for assistance. Be careful not to overdraw, for you will get into bad habits which you cannot cure when you have money to control. Here is a little statement I found long ago:

'Incomes, $1.00; expenses, 99c. Result: Riches, Affluence.

'Income, $1.00; expenses, $1.01. Result: Poverty, Bankruptcy.

'Sermon short for the text, but strong and to the point.'

Mr. Cameron was called away. Carl stood studying the slip of paper. When he turned away, he had decided to discipline himself so that he might prove more worthy of the larger means that would one day be his, by being faithful in the management of his small income now.—Source Unknown.

Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEWS.

As the honest efforts of poor Daph were crowned with success, she found herself abundantly able to provide for the physical wants of her master's children. The years of toil had rolled quickly away. Charlie had passed his fourth birthday, and become a strong-willed, sturdy boy, while the slender figure of the fair Louise had grown and rounded, and the rose had learned to bloom on the cheek of Captain Jones's 'Waterlily.'

Daph looked at her little ones with affectionate pride, and watched over them with the most tender care. She encouraged them to play in the small garden in the rear of their humble home, but in the street they were never seen. The garments she fashioned for them were neat and tidy, and the snowy aprons they always wore were monuments of her skill as a laundress; but she was conscious of a something in their external appearance which was not as it should be. About the manners of her charge Daph was still more troubled. 'Why you eat so, Miss Loup?' she would sometimes say. 'How shall I eat, 'Daffy?' the child would reply. 'Well, I jus' don't know,' poor Daph would answer, 'but dere's somewhat 'bout de way you children do be, at de table, dat Daph don't jus' know how to 'spress it.'

More serious troubles than these by degrees came upon Daph, in her management. Charlie, though an affectionate, generous child, was hot-tempered and wilful, and when he resisted Daph's authority, or raised his little hand to give an angry blow, the poor creature knew not what to do. In these scenes she generally triumphed, by the look of real distress which clouded her usually pleasant face, and brought Charlie, repentant, to her arms.

With Louise, Daph had another difficulty. The child was usually gentle and submissive, but she seemed to pine for other companions, and a home different from that which Daph was able to provide for her.

The early lessons of piety which Louise had learned at her mother's knee had faded from her mind. Daph could remind the little girl to say her simple prayer at morning and evening, but she could not talk to her of the loving Saviour or recount the wonders of the Gospel she had never read.

The little book with the golden clasps, Daph had cherished with the utmost care. She knew it contained the secret which could bring peace and order to her little home, but its treasures she, in her ignorance, could not unlock.

Once she had ventured to ask Mrs. Ray to read a little to her from it, but she met with a short negative, and a cold, averted look.

Mary was almost as ignorant of letters as Daph herself. So the poor negress kept the precious book unopened, and awaited God's time for leading her from darkness into light.

That the children of her dear mistress would be allowed to grow up ignorant of the knowledge that belonged to their sta-

tion, and strangers to the Bible their mother had loved, Daph would not allow herself to believe. 'It will come, I'se sure!' Daph would say to herself, 'de great Lord can make it right!' and thus she stifled her anxious forebodings, and strove to do the duty of the present hour.

Mrs. Ray's temper was not quite as trying as when they first made her acquaintance. The kindness of the honest negress, and her cheerful acceptance of the trials of her lot, had their influence under that humble roof, and won respect and affection, even from Mrs. Ray. The sunshine of Daph's happy roguish face had cheered

WHO IS IT, DAPH? IT CANNOT BE MY FATHER.

the lone widow, and Louise had exerted on her a softening, refining influence. Mrs. Ray was improved if not thoroughly changed.

Little Mary had many harsh words yet to hear; but time had abated the poignancy of the mother's grief for her lost darling, and had made her somewhat more alive to the virtues of her hard-working quiet little girl.

During the three years that had passed since they had dwelt under the same roof, sickness, at various times, had made the little household seem like one family, and the habit of helping each other had daily drawn them nearer.

Mary's demure face was lighted up with wonder as she said to Daph one day, 'There's a gentleman at the door, asking if mother still lives here and if you are at home.'

'Is it a tall, tall, gentleman, that looks grand-like and magnificent?' said Daph, earnestly, as the thought of her old master at once rose to her mind.

'Not exactly,' said Mary, and, as she spoke, Mrs. Ray opened the door, and ushered in Captain Jones.

Although her first feeling was disappointment, Daph shed tears of joy as she clasped the hand of the honest captain; her tears, however, brightened into smiles, as she saw the approving look the captain bestowed on her pets, as he caught them in his arms.

Charlie struggled and fought to be free, shouting, 'I like you, sir, but you need not squeeze me so, and rub me with your rough whiskers.'

Charlie got another hug for an answer, while Louise said, 'Who is it, Daph? It cannot be my father?'

'No! no! darling!' said the captain, quickly, and he dashed the tears from his eyes, and was sobered in an instant.

Mrs. Ray looked on with astonishment and curiosity, at the cordial meeting between her old acquaintance and her lodgers.

Captain Jones had known Mrs. Ray slightly in her better days, and he now turned to her and enquired kindly after her welfare. As usual, she had a series of grievances to relate, but she forbore speaking slightingly of Mary, who had retired modestly into the background. The little girl was somewhat astonished when the captain came towards her, and gave her a hearty greeting as the child of his old messmate, and seemed to think her well worth speaking to, though 'only a girl.'

The whole party sat down together and time passed rapidly on, while the captain sat with the children in his arms, and heard Daph's account of her various trials and adventures since they parted. Mrs. Ray listened with eager curiosity, but she could gather little from Daph's words, that she did not already know.

At length, Captain Jones said, with a great effort, 'Daph, I have something to say to you, which is not fit for the children's ears,' and he gave at the same time an expressive glance toward Mrs. Ray.

The widow seized Mary by the hand and flounced indignantly out of the room, saying, 'I am sure we have too much to do to stay here where we are not wanted. No good comes of secrets, that I ever hear of!'

'Come, children, come with Mary,' said the girl, apparently unconscious of her mother's indignant manner.

The children followed somewhat reluctantly, and Daph and the captain were left alone together. Since the moment of her landing, Daph had had no one to whom she might speak of the dark fears for her master and mistress, that at times preyed upon her; to her own strange departure, she had never alluded. She had met questionings with dignified silence, and had patiently endured insinuations, which, but for her clear conscience, would have driven her to frenzy. Now, she felt that she was to hear some important news, and her trembling knees refused to support her. Anxious and agitated she sank on her low bench, and fixed her eyes eagerly on the captain.

'Daph,' he began, 'there was horrible horrible truth in your words that night when you pleaded so earnestly on board the 'Mary Jane!' I thank God that I did not turn a deaf ear to you then! Daph, you have saved your master's children from a bloody death, and you will be rewarded as there is a Father in heaven.'

The Captain paused, and Daph bent anxiously forward, exclaiming, 'My dear missus, master!'

Captain Jones could not speak. He drew his hand significantly across his throat, and then pointed solemnly upward.

(To be continued.)

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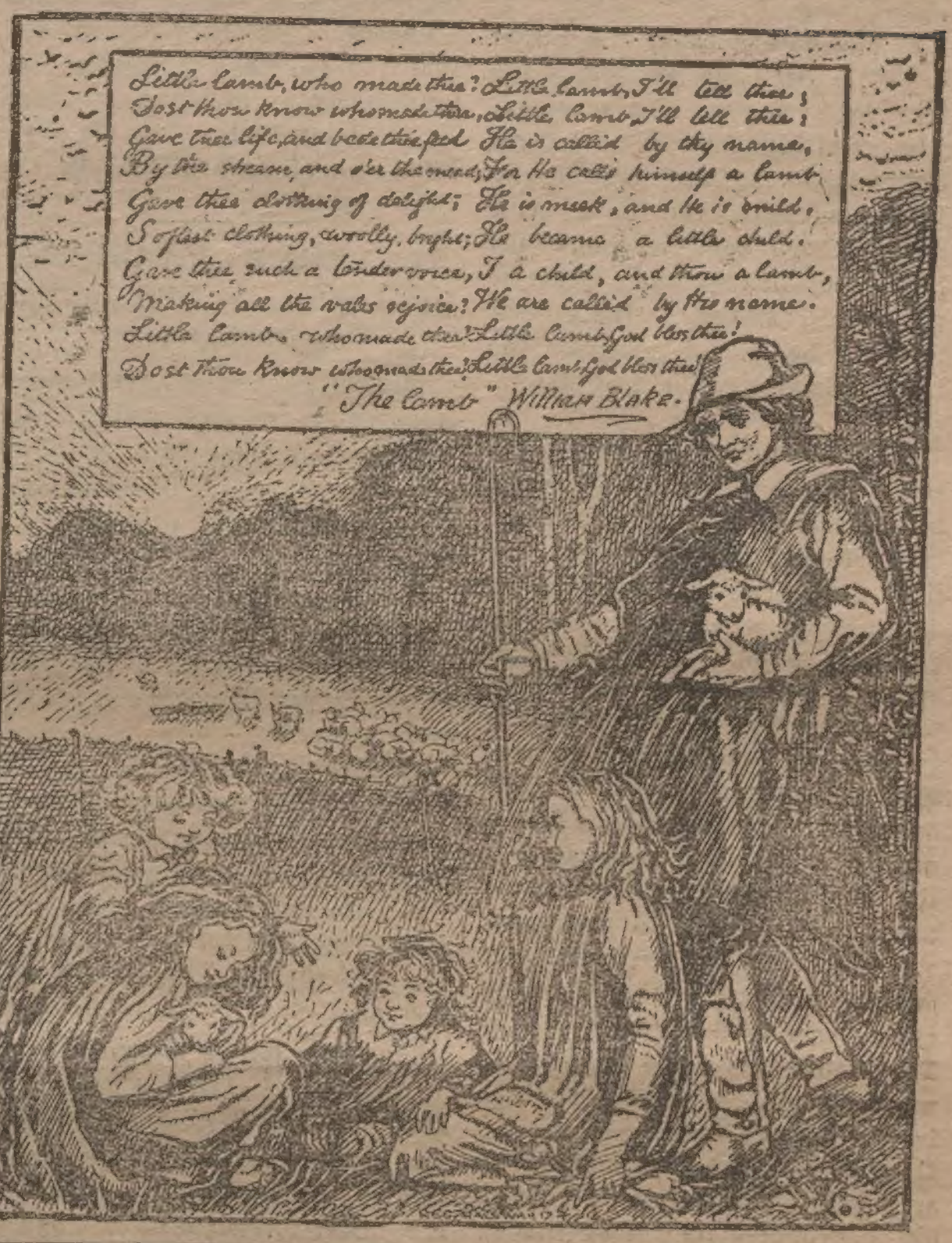
Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or 'Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Homesickness of Tokyo.


Little Lamb, who made thee? Little Lamb, I'll tell thee;
Dost thou know who made thee, Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed. He is called by thy name,
By the stream, and o'er the mead; For He calls himself a Lamb
Gave thee clothing of delight; He is meek, and He is mild,
So first clothing, woolly, bright; He became a little child.
Gave thee such a tender voice, I a child, and thou a lamb,
Making all the vales rejoice? We are called by His name.
Little Lamb, who made thee? Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Dost thou know who made thee? Little Lamb, God bless thee!
"The Lamb" William Blake.

It was only an ordinary mud turtle. Fred discovered it making its way along the bed of the brooklet that crossed the corner of Uncle Jerry Fisher's meadow. As Fred was a city boy, a turtle was quite a novelty; he found it so interesting that he began to wonder whether Elsie would care to have it.

Elsie was ill and Fred longed to 'do something for her,' as he expressed it. Gifts of fruit and bonbons were out of the question, for old Dr. Brown would not allow her to taste either. And, as her eyes were in a weak condition, she was debarred from reading books and looking at pictures. A mud turtle was a strange offering, but Fred reflected that Elsie dearly loved animals and numbered among her pets chickens, rabbits, a puppy, two kittens, a lamb and a parrot. Once she had tried to tame a grasshopper. Fred thought a turtle not so very much worse than a grasshopper. So he put it in his pocket and hurried ''cross lots' to the Graysons' cottage.

Elsie received his gift with unmistakable pleasure. She praised the prettily marked shell and laughed at the queer little tail. 'He looks like something Japanese,' she said thoughtfully, as she turned the turtle upon his back. 'I think I shall give him a Japanese name.'

After considerable discussion she decided to name him Tokyo. 'Because,' she explained to her mother, 'we can call him Toky or Toke if Tokyo sounds too long.'

Mrs. Grayson remembered that there was under the attic eaves an old aquarium. Fred pulled this treasure from its hiding-place and, after a great deal of washing and polishing, triumphantly brought it downstairs and placed it in the bay window of the library. 'Toky's house,' he said, 'was now ready to be furnished.'

For a carpet the children sprinkled on the floor of the aquarium a thick layer of fine white sand. For furniture, shells and bright-colored stones were scattered over the sand. The decorations consisted of aquatic plants, branches of white coral and a small umbrella palm which was planted in a large shell. Fred filled the aquarium with water from Uncle Jerry's brook and then Toky was installed in his new abode.

Tokyo proved a never-failing source of delight to the little girl. He always knew when feeding-time arrived and would accept tidbits from her fingers without a sign of fear. She studied his habits with surprise and amusement. He would eat almost anything offered him with apparent relish. 'Like Timmy Murphy's goat,' Fred said. His favorite resting place was in the topmost branches of the umbrella palm, where he would perch like a queer four-legged bird hour after hour. But what most astonished Elsie was the rapidity with which he moved about. Placed upon the library-floor, he would traverse the room at a pace that caused Fred to enthusiastically dub him a 'regular sprinter.' Elsie mentally decided that the man who wrote the fable of the tortoise and the hare had little knowledge of turtles. 'For Toky never goes real slowly,' she explained to her mother.

All through the summer Tokyo lived a life of peace and happiness and waxed fat upon bits of clam and other delicacies. But with the advent of early autumn the Graysons were ready to return to their winter home. Uncle Jerry Fisher was to care for the chickens and rabbits and pussies and the lamb during the cold season and the parrot and the puppy would accompany the family to the city. But Mrs. Grayson declared that Toky must be returned to his old quarters in the meadow-brook.

Suddenly Tokyo lost his appetite. Elsie's father said that the turtle realized that winter was coming and was ready to bury himself in the mud for the long nap from which only the warmth of spring would awaken him. Secretly, Elsie believed that her pet was

pining at the thought of leaving the aquarium.

It was with a heavy heart that the little girl bade farewell to her treasure. She was so overcome with grief that she could not carry the turtle to the brook herself, and Fred undertook the task. One meagre hope consoled him — the hope that in the spring he might be able to recover Toky. He felt certain that he should recognize the turtle among a hundred of his kindred.

Two days later Elsie sat disconsolately in the library. The room looked very forlorn with the furniture shrouded in linen covers. The little girl sighed as her eyes rested on the spot where the aquarium had once stood. Suddenly a peculiar noise attracted her attention. Something seemed to be softly bumping against the door that led out upon the verandah. Elsie opened the door and, as she did so, uttered a cry that penetrated to the room above, where her mother was busily engaged in packing.

'Oh, mother, mother, look!' she cried, joyfully, as Mrs. Grayson came hurrying downstairs. 'It is Toky. He has come back. He was so homesick he couldn't stay in the brook!' and, catching up the turtle, which was making its way with alacrity over the threshold, she covered its wet shell with rapturous kisses. Toky poked out his head and turned his beady glance upon his young mistress with an expression that to Elsie said very plainly: 'Nobody shall part us again.'

And nobody did. Elsie's father declared that a turtle sufficiently intelligent to travel half a mile in search of his friends commanded his respect. And Elsie's mother said Toky must go to Boston with Snips, the puppy, and Polly Pepper, the parrot. So the aquarium and the sand and shells and stones were carefully boxed and Tokyo journeyed to his new home in a tin kettle of brook water, lunching luxuriously by the way on delicious shreds of raw clam.

In the sunny window of the library of the Grayson's city residence the aquarium now stands. For fear that Toky may be a trifle lonely at times, Mrs. Grayson has supplied him with some pretty goldfish, two or three tadpoles and a couple of frogs for companions. He seems thoroughly contented with city life, and may be seen, any day, perched among the palm branches, apparently dozing, but really, Elsie says, thinking how much nicer an aquarium is than Uncle Jerry Fisher's muddy little brook. — Virginia Baker, in the 'Churchman.'

The Little Bucket Brigade.

(Hilda Richmond, in 'The Presbyterian Banner.')

'Miss Hester read us the nicest story you ever heard to-day,' said Amy, coming home from school all out of breath. 'It was about some children who saved a whole town by—'

'Get your breath first, dear, and cool off a little,' said big sister Anne, coming in with a nice drink of water, 'and then you can tell the story better.'

But Amy could scarcely wait a minute. 'They were going home from school and saw the fire creeping through the dead grass toward the little town and they brought water from the brook in their dinner pails till it was all out. It was just splendid. The name of it was "The Little Bucket Brigade."'

'I think Miss Hester knows the kind of stories to read to little people,' said mamma, with a smile. 'Every Friday afternoon one of her scholars says the story was the very best of all, doesn't she, Amy?'

'Well, mamma, they do get better and better every time. It just seems the children in this town never have a chance to do the things the boys and girls in the stories do. We never find pocketbooks with lots of money in them and you won't let me play by the railroad track, so I could tell the train man if anything was on the track,' said Amy, discontentedly.

'I know a little girl who didn't want to carry a tin bucket to-day,' said Anne. 'I wonder how she could have put out a blaze in the grass if she had seen one.'

'Well, Anne, I didn't want to go all the way up to Mrs. Low's with the soup for fear I wouldn't have much time to play at noon. I just hate to carry a pail anyway.'

'Mattie took it up for me,' said Anne. 'She went past a few minutes after you left and she said Mrs. Low was so glad for the broth. It was the first thing she could eat for a long time. You know they are very poor and she cannot eat the coarse food her daughter cooks. Mattie said she would carry something to her every day if I would get it ready.'

The little girl sat silent a long time, and mamma and Anne saw she was thinking hard. 'I wish I had gone,' she said to herself. 'I never thought Mattie would carry a bucket of soup way up there,' for Mattie's papa was the richest man in town and lived with his little girl at the big hotel down on the corner.

Presently a curly head found its way to mamma's lap and a little voice sobbed out, 'I wish I was good like Mattie.'

'Why, darling, you can be,' said mamma, tenderly, lifting up the golden head. 'There are lots of other sick people who need broth and good things to eat, and I am sure Anne can find you a little bucket, too.'

'Of course, I can,' said Anne, cheerfully, 'and for two or three other little girls, too. While I'm making broth for Mrs. Low I can make some for the sick girl on Poplar street, and that lame Freddy Smith—'

'And for Nellie Brooks?' enquired Amy. 'She has not been at school for the longest time and she is dreadfully poor.'

'Yes, I'll start a regular bucket brigade,' laughed Anne. 'It is easy to make the soup, but I never have time to carry it around to the sick folks. I must help mamma with the work at dinner time and soup is not good in the middle of the afternoon.'

'Goody! Goody!' cried Amy, clapping her hands. 'I'll get Rose and Bess to help whenever there's anything to take.'

So the little bucket brigade carries the good things Anne makes to poor sick people, and many other people besides this one young lady are interested in the brigade, and have their pails of goodies ready when the girls pass. The invalids are always anxious to peep into the buckets and watch for the children with eager eyes as soon as the noon bell rings.

Miss Hester says the bucket brigade that put out the fire didn't do a bit better work than her dear little scholars are doing, and I think so, too. What do you think about it?

LESSON VII.—FEB. 14.

Jesus Forgives Sin.

Mark ii., 1-12.

Golden Text.

The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins. Mark ii., 10.

Home Readings.

Monday, Feb. 8.—Mark ii., 1-12.
Tuesday, Feb. 9.—Acts xiii., 33-41.
Wednesday, Feb. 10.—Heb. vii., 17-28.
Thursday, Feb. 11.—Heb. ix., 11-28.
Friday, Feb. 12.—Eph. i., 3-14.
Saturday, Feb. 13.—I. John iii., 1-10.
Sunday, Feb. 14.—Rom. iii., 19-31.

1. And again he entered into Capernaum after some days; and it was noised that he was in the house.

2. And straightway many were gathered together, insomuch that there was no room to receive them, no, not so much as about the door: and he preached the word unto them.

3. And they come unto him, bringing one sick of the palsy, which was borne of four.

4. And when they could not come nigh unto him for the press, they uncovered the roof where he was: and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay.

5. When Jesus saw their faith, he said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.

6. But there were certain of the scribes sitting there, and reasoning in their hearts,

7. Why doth this man thus speak blasphemies? who can forgive sins but God only?

8. And immediately, when Jesus perceived in his spirit that they so reasoned with themselves, he said unto them, Why reason ye these things in your hearts?

9. Whether is it easier to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk?

10. But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (he saith to the sick of the palsy,)

11. I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house.

12. And immediately he arose, took up the bed, and went forth before them all; insomuch that they were all amazed, and glorified God, saying, We never saw it on this fashion.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

We find Jesus again at Capernaum, where he was in our last lesson, but in the time between the events last studied and those of to-day, he had been preaching round about in Galilee. But a few verses come between the passage studied last time and the one for to-day, and if you read them you will discover one of the reasons why such a large crowd gathered on this occasion. Read also the parallel passages, Matthew ix., 1-8; Luke v., 17-26.

In the present lesson we have the great subject of Christ's power to forgive sins. Outside of presenting a topic for study on the part of those who might be interested in such things, the mere power of Christ to heal disease in those of his time would not greatly concern us to-day. But when we discover that this same Jesus has the power to forgive those sins that have weighed on our consciences and clouded our lives for years, then the matter becomes one of vital importance. It is this thought that should be kept in mind in to-day's study.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses, 1, 2. 'And it was noised that he was in the house.' Christ had now come back to Capernaum, the centre of his work in Galilee. He seems to have used this place as a sort of headquarters. 'The house' may refer to Peter's house. On account of the report spread by the leper, contrary to Christ's command, as related in the first chapter of Mark, as well as because of other miracles, it only required a mere report that Jesus was present in order to bring crowds to his stopping place.

Such crowds were gathered that there was not room in the house nor about the door for the people who were eager to hear the truth. Naturally there was small opportunity for sick people to be carried into the Master's immediate presence.

3, 4. 'One sick of the palsy, which was borne of four.' Palsy is another name for paralysis, or rather, it is another form of the same word. This man was helpless, he could not walk, but had to be carried on a litter or bed by four men. No matter what the difficulties in the way, here was an opportunity for health and happiness once more. Christ must be reached in some way, so his friends carry the paralytic through the streets to the house where Christ is teaching the eager multitude.

The houses of the country were so constructed, in some cases, that the rooms were arranged in the form of the letter U, the open space forming a sort of court roofed with tiles. Being unable to reach Christ by pressing through the multitude, the four who carried the paralytic made their way to the roof, and, lifting the tiles, let down the bed before Christ.

5-7. 'When Jesus saw their faith.' Jesus was touched by the faith and persistence shown by the sick man and his friends. We are not saved by works, but by faith, but sometimes our faith is best shown by the persistent effort made on account of it. Had these men possessed but little faith, they might have been discouraged and turned back by the presence of the great crowd. But they felt so absolutely sure that, if their case could only be presented to the Master, all would be well, that they accordingly made unusual efforts to reach Him.

'Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.' Why did Christ take up first the man's spiritual condition? In none of the accounts is there a record of any prayer or request addressed to Christ by the man or his friends. He was, so far as we know, simply presented to the Saviour without any attempt to describe his needs. However that may be, here was an opportunity, before this representative crowd, drawn from 'every town of Galilee, and Judea, and Jerusalem,' as Luke says, to disclose his power to heal the soul as well as body. So Christ first pardons the man's sins.

This utterance of Christ at once raised in the hearts of the Jewish theologians a question. As the Revised Version states it, 'Why doth this man thus speak? he blasphemeth.' Sin being a violation of God's law, none but God himself could forgive it.

8-11. 'Why reason ye these things in your hearts?' Matthew says, 'Wherefore think ye evil?' They were misjudging Christ, and he now proceeds to show them that he had power to forgive.

'Whether is it easier,' etc. He does not say, which is easier to do, but which of the two expressions named is easier to say. They would not call it blasphemy if he healed a sick man, but it was a divine act, requiring divine power. To forgive the man's sins was a divine act, and if Christ had divine power in the one case, why not in the other? There could be no visible demonstration that the man's sins were forgiven, but there could be such a demonstration as to his physical salvation.

The argument is, that it was plainly as easy to pronounce forgiveness as to say the words of healing; but it would argue divine power to heal, and, if this were accomplished, how could the word of pardon be a blasphemy, when the speaker was so plainly divine?

Christ then turned to the man and commanded him to arise, take up the bed upon which he had been carried, and depart to his home, showing how complete and immediate was the cure.

12. 'They were all amazed, and glorified God.' Here was overwhelming evidence of the divinity of Christ, and an example of his blessed work of salvation from sin and its results. The multitude had never seen it 'on this fashion.' Such an experience was new to them and created the most profound impression. See also Luke v., 26.

Next week the lesson is, 'Jesus and the Sabbath.' Matthew xii., 1-13.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Feb. 14.—Topic—What will real friendship do? I. Sam. xx., 1-23.

Junior C. E. Topic.

OBEYING GOD.

Monday, Feb. 8.—A man who walked with God. Gen. v., 21-24.

Tuesday, Feb. 9.—Noah's father and grandfather. Gen. v., 25-32.

Wednesday, Feb. 10.—A wicked world. Gen. vi., 1-7.

Thursday, Feb. 11.—A good man. Gen. vi., 8, 9.

Friday, Feb. 12.—God's command to Noah. Gen. vi., 10-16.

Saturday, Feb. 13.—Coverant with Noah. Gen. vi., 17-21.

Sunday, Feb. 14.—Topic—A man who obeyed God. Gen. vi., 22; vii., 5.

Teacher Preparation.

There is a growing desire for better teaching in the Sunday-school, and this desire is shared by the present corps of Sunday-school teachers as well as by those who, though not in the school, are greatly interested in its success.

No school teaches truths so important as those which belong to the province of the Sunday-school, and, in the methods and actual work of teaching, the Sunday-school should not permit itself to be surpassed by the secular school.

The Sunday-school teacher should know not only what to teach but also how to teach, for though he may have the information, if he does not know how to impart it and with it to make the right impression, he must to that extent fail in his work, and to say that is to say that though he has the knowledge, he does not teach.

To know how to teach there must be a mastery of the principles of teaching, and to have this mastery there must be knowledge of human nature and particularly of child nature.—'Living Epistle.'

Missionary periodicals on the table, bright, interesting missionary books on the shelves, and an occasional home talk upon missionary topics will aid greatly in the development of our boys into real strong, unselfish manhood, and of our girls into noble gracious womanhood. The books read, the papers and magazines subscribed for, constitute an important element in the formation of character, and were our Saviour to speak now among men he would say, not only 'Take heed how ye hear,' but also 'Take heed what ye read.'—'Faithful Witness.'

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A Court Scene

HEREDITY FROM ALCOHOL.

(T. D. Crothers, M.D., in 'Union Signal.')

A young man from a good family committed an atrocious murder and was put on trial for his life. His grandfather had been an excessive drinker. His father and mother had both drank moderately at their meals. His life and history indicated great brain feebleness and degrees of insanity for at least two years before the murder. Public sentiment was very strong against him at the trial. The district attorney had employed an able lawyer to assist him and he publicly announced that the cause of justice demanded the prisoner's death. Two distinguished physicians were retained to swear to the sanity of the prisoner. I was called as an expert in his defence. As the trial went on it was evident that the efforts of the state would be directed to break the force of my testimony as to the insanity of the prisoner. I answered the hypothetical question and explained it at some length for the defence and then was cross-examined by the state's attorney, who was evidently determined to destroy the impression which I had produced on the jury.

The attorney was a man of keen intellect and a thorough master of the art of examining witnesses. After trying various methods to create confusion in my statements, he settled down to a scientific examination, insisting on exact answers without qualifications. As the examination progressed it was evident to both of us that we were surprising each other in questions and answers. There was in his questioning unmistakable indications of a very clear knowledge of the alcoholic mind and method of reasoning such as can never be described in books.

Although two able physicians were seated at his side suggesting questions, it was evident that his knowledge of such cases was far superior to theirs, and the turns and forms of questions were revelations of familiarity with the subject that was a surprise to me.

At the close of the day's trial I concluded that a personal acquaintance with the attorney might give me an insight into his mentality that would be to my advantage in the next day's examination, which after a night of consultation and preparation would undoubtedly be still more severe. Upon being introduced by the judge, I, in an undertone, remarked to the attorney that I had never before been examined by any one who had such acute knowledge of the drink craze and its victims, and that I knew that this knowledge did not come from books. After a moment's hesitation he answered me with a quivering lip, 'Yes, I know of this matter personally in my family and it has been a skeleton to me.'

He asked me to come to his room at the hotel that evening for a personal talk. The interview lasted until midnight. He then told me of his only son who was expelled from college for drinking, and of how he had driven him away from his home much against the advice of his wife, and that this son was now serving a life sentence for murder in a western prison. He spoke of his bitter feelings against the attitude his wife had taken, for she had insisted that the boy was diseased. This he himself could not believe, and he reviewed the heart burnings and sorrows which followed the death of his wife, and her steadfast faith in the mental sickness of the boy, and her disapproval of his own harshness; and how at her death he realized that she was right, but his pride and position made him fear to think of this subject seriously. He spoke of his own drinking days, and of his abstinence at his wife's request after the birth of his son. Even on this trial he did not dare to permit his feelings to assume the possibility of mental disease. I told him frankly that he made a mistake, that his wife was right, that his boy was a victim, the direct transmission of his own drinking habits.

We shook hands and parted with a cordiality which was not apparent in the next day's examination, and yet beneath the bluff and stern exterior I could see the real man struggling to put the question so that my answers would be the least favorable to his interest. The case was won. My testimony prevailed and the victim was placed in an insane asylum, where he died two years later. No one knew that our midnight interview saved this prisoner from judicial murder.

A few years afterward this lawyer employed me as an expert in the defence of a similar case. At the close of the trial I went to his home and there was introduced to his son, a poor, harmless, half-idiotic man. No questions were asked, but I knew that he had only recently been released and brought home to die. The father's tenderness towards him showed this. The crime had been committed in another state, and no one knew the facts of the case.

A year later this lawyer was found dead in his bed, and the boy was placed in a private asylum where he is now living. Fortunately, his mind is gone and he is unable to recall the past. This incident illustrates some of the startling facts not recognized, which can be traced through families of alcoholic heredity, followed by great misery and sorrow and often judicial murders. Poor alcoholized, insane men, whose parents and relatives are responsible, are constantly going to the gallows, and the harsh delusions of the law of sanity and reason are contradicted by every possible fact and condition.

The Cigarette Evil.

In the cigarette discussion in Parliament, I notice that one of the speakers said, 'If smokers would only practise self-denial for the benefit of others, it would do much to lessen the cigarette evil.' How can men who smoke expect their children to abstain? The difficulty of convincing youths of the evils of tobacco is great enough, but becomes greater when their seniors smoke. If the 'smoking' members and adherents of the church would set an example of abstinence, they would, in my opinion, benefit themselves, but they would benefit society as well, and particularly the rising generation.

Assuming that smoking is simply a habit of pleasure—though I think it is much more—would it not be a step in the direction of moral reform to give it up for the benefit of others? Are there not some men connected with the church who are willing to show their devotion by so doing? Let us have a revival along this line. Paul was willing to give up meat if his eating it caused offence to others. Surely we could do with a good deal less tobacco. I am only reasoning this matter from its influence and example, and my appeal is to those who stand in the way of moral reform. This matter needs all the help it can get. It needs the help of the church—not alone in prayers, but that personal and practical help which would be effective. I ask the thoughtful attention of those church members to whom these lines may have application, to this question, assured that if they are guided by their consciences, instead of by their personal feelings, they will practise what I am preaching.—'A Convert from Smoking,' in 'Christian Guardian.'

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What He Made.

A prosperous liquor-seller was boasting to a group of men in the bar of the large amount of money he had made. Said he—'I've made £200 the last three months.' 'You have made more than that,' quietly remarked a listener. 'What is that?' he responded. 'You have made my two sons drunkards. You have made their mother a broken-hearted woman. You have made much more than I can reckon, but you'll get the full account some day.'

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The following are the contents of the issue of Jan. 23. of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

New American Rights in Manchuria—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York; The Providence 'Journal,' Rhode Island; the Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
All that Japan's Success would Involve—The Springfield 'Republican.'
Why I shall Vote for Mr. Chamberlain—By Alfred W. Pollard, in the 'Pilot,' London.
A British Industry Really Ruined—An Object Lesson in Efficiency—By Edwin Sharpe Grew, in 'The World's Work,' London.
Mr Long on the 'Stupid Party'—Mr. Chamberlain's Policy the Ultimate Solution—English Papers.
Positivism and Politics—Mr Harrison Pleads for Reconsideration of Whole System of Taxation—The 'Morning Post,' London.
The Board of Trade Figures—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Extraordinary Indifference of the United States to the Fiscal Question—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
India on the Fiscal Question—The 'Daily News,' London.
The Flags of the Colonies—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Floods in St Petersburg—A Curious Underground Population—'Outlook,' New York.
'Slackness'—The Archbishop of Canterbury's New Year's Message—The 'Standard,' London.
A Threefold Rule—The Bishop of Worcester's New Year's Pastoral—The Birmingham 'Post.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Hector Berlioz—The Great Artist after Death—By the Author of the 'Savoir-Faire' Papers, in 'T.P.'s Weekly,' London.
Art in Furnishing—On Country Quarters—By Mrs. George Tweedie, in the 'Outlook,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Man and the Universe—Poem, by Bliss Carman, in the 'Reader.'
Friday's Child—Poem, from the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' London.
Mr. George Gissing—The 'Morning Post,' London; the 'Illustrated London News'; C. F. G. Masterman, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Wet-Blanketing Authors—The 'New York 'Tribune.'
A New Edition of 'Original Poems'—By Ann and Jane Taylor and Adelaide O'Keeffe—The 'Spectator,' London.
The Dominion—A. G. Bradley's Study of Canada in the Twentieth Century—By Gilbert Parker, in the 'Academy and Literature,' London.
The Feast of Christmas Day—A Plea for Formalities—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
The Literary Inheritance of the United States—The New York 'Evening Post.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Herbert Spencer—By Dr. Fairbairn, in the 'Contemporary Review,' London. Abridged.
Radium and its Meaning—Lecture by Sir Oliver Lodge—The Birmingham 'Daily Post.'
Comments on Sir Oliver Lodge's Lecture—'Daily Telegraph,' London; 'Morning Leader,' London.
Liquid Sunshine—The 'Sun,' New York.
Milking Cows by Electricity—The 'World's Work,' London. Abridged.

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Correspondence

ETHICS.

Dear Boys and Girls,—No doubt you all read the tale of Tommy Jones as related by 'Florence Irene' in these columns last week. I wonder how many of you thought that Tommy did right in spending the dollar as he did. Of course it would have been very wrong for him to spend the money on candy when his mother worked so hard for the bare necessities of life; but was that dollar his to spend? It had been given him to carry to his mother, therefore it was no more his than was the parcel which his mother had sent him with to the other house. He had no right to spend it at all. Tommy should have gone straight to his mother and given her that dollar, then she could have sent for the wood if she wanted it, or if she was more in need of flour or tea she could have sent for that. I want to make this plain, because I think most little people are not sufficiently sympathetic with their parents and teachers,—they do not try to put themselves in their place and understand their thoughts and wishes. The young people do things that just come into their own heads, or things that they have read somewhere, and think that that is great and wise, without consulting their parents as to whether these are right and just things to do.

There are too many 'Tommy Jonses' abroad in the land to-day—people who do not realize the difference between the things they want and the things that are really theirs: children who wish to act independently of their elders, shunning advice and reproof because they think they know best for themselves. Silly children, they know that they are wiser than their baby brothers and sisters, yet they fail to realize that their parents are proportionately wiser than they. Many a young person has made absolute shipwreck of life because of these very faults, spending other people's money and acting without the advice of those who were older and knew more about life.

I tell you these things because I love you, and I want you to grow up useful and noble men and women, able to lead and to teach others who may not have had your advantages.

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Brome Corner.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a letter, and I thank you for printing such a good little paper. We live on a farm. I have four sisters and two brothers. We have a mile and a half to go to school. I have one grandmother and one grandfather living. I will close, wishing all the readers of the 'Northern Messenger' a Happy New Year.

EDWIN C. K. (aged 12).

South Victoria, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old, and my birthday is on March 25. I have a pet cat, and he weighs fourteen pounds. I have two sisters and one brother. Their names are Jennie and Annie and George. I had quite a few sleigh drives this winter. My sister Jennie takes the 'Messenger.' I weighed seventy-two pounds the last time I was weighed. I am five feet in height. EVELYN R.

Tidnish, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My sister Grace takes the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. I like the Little Folks' Page the best. I like the country better than the city and town. We have two cats. I go to school. I have two sisters and one brother. I am the youngest of the family. My birthday is on Sept. 10. I am ten years old.

MARY C.

Knowlton, Que.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from Knowlton, I thought I would write one. Grandpa took the 'Messenger' when my papa was a little boy, and it has been coming to our family off and on for a good many years. I have five sisters and one brother; he is eight years old. My sisters are all older than I. I wonder if any of the little boys and girls who read the 'Messenger' have a birthday the same as mine, which is on March 11. I am ten years old. EMILY N. H.

Newbury, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and have it sent to me in my own name. My mother gave it to me for a Christmas gift. My birthday is on the 7th of April, and I will be thirteen years old. I have two pet cats. One is named Colonel and the other General Tom. Colonel is very playful. I have two brothers and two sisters, and I have one grandma. I saw one letter from Wardsville, and it looked familiar, because that village is only three miles from where I live, and we know a good many people there. Newbury is thirty-six miles from London, and about seventy-five miles from Windsor. Wishing the 'Messenger' success,

ANNA G. G.

Snow Road.

Dear Editor,—I was out for a drive this morning. I have not had a drive for a long time, and I enjoyed it very much. I go to church and Sunday-school every Sunday. We have a library in our Sunday-school. I wonder if anyone else's birthday is on the same day as mine, on April 28. S. MAY W.

Bothwell, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm near the seashore. My father fishes a little for mackerel and cod fish. We live about a mile from the school. I study geography, history, grammar, and arithmetic. My birthday is on Feb. 3, and I will be fourteen years old. I do some work—wash, scrub, milk, and a little cooking and baking. VICTORIA MAY C.

Upper Blackville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. My grandmother takes it, and we live with her. I live on a farm on the banks of the Miramichi River. My birthday is on Feb. 5. I go to school. Our teacher's name is Miss Mary McD., and I like her very much. The schoolhouse and church are both on our farm. I have three sisters and three brothers. I have a brother and a sister married. My sister lives very near to my own home. My papa has gone to Patten, Maine, to work for the winter. We have a dog named Dash, and a colt named Morgan. We have a tabby cat named Tom.

M. L. A. (aged 11).

Coldbrook, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old, and I live on a farm about a mile from Coldbrook. It is a little village. I have one little brother six years old. I have for pets one dog, two cats and a horse and some little calves. I have only lived here since last March. I came from New York State. My cousin in Potsdam, Kate B., has taken the 'Messenger' for a long time.

NELLIE C.

Lachine, Que.

Dear Editor,—My home is in St. Laurent. I live with my grandmother and auntie in Lachine to go to school. I go to the Lachine Academy, which was once the Lachine Model School. I took the Government examination last June, and came second. I am fond of drawing and painting. I take music lessons. I go home for the holidays. I have four sisters and one brother. My auntie has taken the 'Messenger' for nearly three years. My birthday is on Oct. 4. I am thirteen years old.

ETHEL L. H.

South Victoria, N.S.

Dear Editor,—A boy wrote to the 'Messenger,' and he said he was twelve years old and was five feet five inches tall. I am thirteen years old, and am five feet six inches in height. That is nearly as good as that, isn't it? Wishing the readers of the 'Messenger,' also the Editor, a Happy New Year, JENNIE R.

South Maitland.

Dear Editor,—I have not been taking the 'Messenger' for a very long time, but I think it a nice paper. Lizzie O'B. takes it, and she sends it up to her grandfather. I got it from him, and as I thought it a nice paper, I subscribed for it myself. I have seven sisters and five brothers. I have one brother out in Red Deer, Alberta. Mamma is reading the 'Messenger' now. She is reading the story about 'Harold's Birthday.' I have a little nephew whose name is Harold. ABBIE A. M.

Carmi, Ill.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl thirteen years old. I live in a town, and go to school every day. I like to read the 'Messenger' very much. It is a good paper. I enjoy reading the stories and the correspondence in it. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. There are five girls and eight boys in my class. I read the 'Messenger' more than any other paper. I always learn a verse to say at Sunday-school. I have read thirteen chapters in the Bible this week. I have two brothers and three sisters. My papa is a minister. My birthday is on Nov. 16. STELLA M. B.

East Glassville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I have two sisters and one brother. Their names are Hazel and Lily and Clarence. Lily is one year old and Hazel is five years old. My brother Clarence takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and I think it is a very nice paper. I like the Little Folks' Page best. We have fine fun skating and sliding. My papa shot a deer this fall. I have read quite a number of books. Some of their names are: 'Pansy,' 'Ruby, or a Heart of Gold,' 'The Wishing Cap,' 'The Crew of the Dolphin,' 'The Bible for Young People,' 'Rachel Rivers,' 'Nursery Travels,' 'Fairy Tales,' and one or two others. MYRA A. R.

Metcalfe, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live about three miles from Metcalfe, and like this place very much. My father has taken the 'Witness' for over thirty years, and the 'Messenger' for seven years. I like to read the stories in both papers, and would not be without them for anything. I live on a farm, and we have a lot of cows and sheep. I was fourteen years old on Oct. 29.

ERNIE S.

Bergen, Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Messenger.' I like it very well, especially the many letters from all over the continent. We had a Sunday-school at Little Mountain for many years, and I got the 'Messenger' there; but the Sunday-school superintendent moved away west, and after that we have had no Sunday-school. I wish we had one now. We only have one at Winnipeg, which is eight miles from here, and it is too far to go in the winter. We had a feast and a Christmas tree in Winnipeg on Christmas day, and we got books and presents, and had a good time. I am going to school nearly every day. We have a mile and a half to go to school, which is rather far in the stormy and cold weather. I am twelve years old, and I have one brother and two sisters younger than I am going to school.

EDWARD H.

Dexter, South Dakota.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl almost ten years old. My grandma in Nova Scotia has sent me the 'Messenger' for two years, and we like it very much. I live out on the prairie in South Dakota. It is so level here that we can see for miles and miles. It is nice here when the sun shines and the wind does not blow; but it blows very hard sometimes. When I was a little baby my mamma and I were blown away in a cyclone here, and we were hurt very much. My papa raises lots of grain. He had four thousand bushels this past

year. We live twenty miles from a railway. I have one brother and no sister. We have a dog named Shepherd, and three cats. Santa Claus came here at Christmas and brought us lots of toys.

LULU H. P.

Burnwood, Susq. Co., Pa.

Dear Editor,—The 'Northern Messenger' is a very good paper. I have taken it for four years, and want to take it as long as I live. My uncle took it when he was a little boy, and my grandmother sent for it for me.

FLOYD R. A. (aged 12).

Rose Vale, Albert Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—In my last letter I said I was five feet five inches tall, and I signed my name Bill (of course, that is what I am called by a great many). Harold B. L. said I should have signed my full name, so here goes: my full name is William Carvel Jonah; but I don't generally sign it that way. I signed my name Bill to see if anybody around here would know my letter. I saw my name among the successful Scripture Searchers in the correspondence of Dec. 25. My birthday is on March 8, so I will soon be thirteen years old. I think the 'Messenger' should have a club or circle of some kind.

I live about one mile and a quarter from school, but I do not go very much in winter. I think 'Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge' is a very interesting story. We live about two and a half miles from church, but we have no minister at present. For pets I have a dog and a cat; did you ever see a gray dog with black ears? I have one, when he was a pup he was snow-white all but his ears. I have a cat that will knock at the door when she wants to come into the house. Wishing the 'Messenger' success,

WM. C. J.

Onaga, Kansas.

Dear Editor,—My birthday comes on Feb. 22, on George Washington's birthday.' I will be nine years old. I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I like to read the Little Folks' Page. My grandfather has taken it for almost thirty years. I have two sisters and two brothers. My sisters and I go to school every day this winter, and on Sundays we go to Sunday-school and the Junior Endeavor Society. Our school and church are only half a mile away.

LILLIAN L. P.

Sussex, N.B.

Dear Editor,—Our home is two and a half miles from the town, on the top of a hill. We have quite a large farm. There are hills on all sides of us, and the valley between the hills, where the town is, gives a very pretty view, especially in summer, when the trees have their leaves on. Sussex is growing very fast, being an inland town; but there are quite a number of roads coming in different directions into it, which makes a great deal of business.

MAUD M. U.

THE MESSENGER.

There is a paper we like to read,
And it's very interesting, too:
The Little Folks Page is so nice,
I think so, now, don't you?

We get the paper on Sundays,
And we read it every time:
And we read all the stories,
And do not miss a line.

I think that all who read this
Will agree with me, now;
And since the paper was published
It has made many glad, I trow.

BEATRICE V. (aged 12).

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

HOUSEHOLD.

A True Record

(Mrs. Dora Sprecher, in 'American Mother.')

'Nellie, how have you managed it?'

I had heard much of my Cousin Nellie Morton, whom I had not seen since her marriage twelve years before, and I determined to accept her invitation to visit her. But I was not prepared for the woman who met me at the door, with the same happy eyes, and seeming but little older than when I had last seen her.

'Managed what?'

'To keep so young and happy.'

'How could I do otherwise with four dear little ones to keep me young?'

'But most women grow old instead of young with the burden of a family.'

I knew that, aside from her church duties, Nellie had given herself up to her family. We all blamed her, for we felt that she was too gifted a woman to thus give up her social position. It seemed to us that in so doing she was depriving her children of any social distinction in the future. One of Nellie's excuses had been, that when her two oldest children were young, she had gone and left them to the care of a nurse girl; 'but I soon found if I were to keep my babies pure and untainted, I must be their nurse girl.'

But I was more than surprised when my eccentric cousin told me that for more than a year she had had no hired help except a woman to come in and do the heavy work.

'Why, Nellie! what is that for?'

'Several reasons. In the first place, it it almost impossible to obtain competent help. Mary had been with me for nearly four years, and I had depended so entirely upon her that for a while after she married and left me I was lost. After having several incompetent girls, I felt that we would all be happier without one. Our mode of living is new to most girls, and few care to adapt themselves to it.

'Then, too,' she added, 'I have so often heard mothers say that children in school had no time for housework, and I wanted to prove by actual experience that they had.'

When I went up to my room for the night, I asked what was their hour for rising.

'We are all up at six, except Lucile and Roy, and they are up by six thirty.'

'Don't you find it hard to call them so early?'

'Oh, we never call them. As you have seen, they are all in bed by seven thirty, so they are ready to wake up bright and early.'

'You don't put them to bed at seven thirty the year around?'

'No, when school is out and the days are long and hot, after dinner daily they put on their night-dresses, and take a nap. When they wake up, they march into the bathroom, and after a bath they are bright and fresh until nine o'clock.'

As I was determined to see how Nellie did manage, I was up by six thirty. As I was coming down stairs, I met Nellie's oldest, a bright girl of eleven, coming up.

'Good morning, Doris. Were you coming to call me?'

'No, I am going up to open the beds and windows and empty the slops; that is one of my chores every morning, before breakfast.'

I found Elizabeth setting the table. In the kitchen was the mother, busy with the morning meal.

'Where are Harry and the babies?'

'The babies aren't dressed yet. Harry is dressing Roy and helping Lucile.'

I found, during my visit, that though Mr. Morton was busy in his office from early until late, while he was at home he did many little things to lighten the burden for 'Mamma.' And I believe that one reason for Nellie's happy face was the co-operation of her husband.

At six forty-five, they assembled for family worship, and by seven were seated at the breakfast table. By seven thirty we had finished, and I asked them to go on with their work as if I weren't there, for I wanted to see what the children could do.

'Come, girlies, just one hour before time to go to school, and Cousin Edith wants to see how we manage our work.'

Doris began sweeping the kitchen, Nellie the sitting-room, and Elizabeth and Lucile to clear away the dishes. By the time they had them carried into the kitchen, Doris had finished her sweeping, and had her pans ready to begin washing, and as she washed, Elizabeth wiped and put away. Lucile brushed the crumbs from the table, swept and dusted the dining-room, set the table for dinner, and placed the chairs at the table. As Lucile was only six, I was astonished to see her do her work so well, especially sweeping. Nellie afterward told me that the sweeping was a self-imposed task. 'But she loves to do it so well, and is so proud and happy to help, that I have not the heart to stop her.'

While the children had been busy, Nellie had accomplished but little. She had been called twice to the telephone. The grocer boy, laundry boy, and the butcher boy had some of her time at the kitchen door. Roy had fallen and hurt his head, and had to be comforted. Doris went to the piano to practice, while Nellie was combing Elizabeth's hair, and Elizabeth practiced while Doris was being combed, which gave them each about ten minutes.

'Perhaps you think that I ought not to be combing these big girls, but they can help me in so many ways, and I can comb their hair so much faster and prettier, that I do it for school and church.'

At eight thirty the children were off for school, with the morning work all finished down stairs.

I suggested that the children had had no time for play.

'They will have fifteen minutes after they get to school for a romp and play. On stormy days they do not start until eight forty-five, for I do not like to have them in the schoolroom any more than is necessary.'

'Doesn't Lucile go to school?'

'No, I prefer to keep them at home until they are seven. Much complaint has been made of late of the children in the public schools having more work than they can do at school. But my two girls have not found the work hard, and I believe that one reason is because they did not start before they were old enough to understand the work. Two other good reasons are that they have never been up past bedtime during the school year, and they have only three meals a day.'

'I see you are as much of a hobbyist as when we were in school together. But tell me, do the children always go on with the work as they did this morning?'

'Perhaps to some extent they may have had on company airs, because of your being here, though I did not think of it just then. They know that the work must be finished before school, and the longer they are at it the less time they will have for play; also, if it isn't done well, it must be done over. Doris is quite inclined to hurry through her work, while Elizabeth is too slow. Sometimes one of them feels as though she did not want to work, then I give her a day's rest, and treat her as a boarder. This doesn't happen often, and by the next day she is glad to be one of us. Do you know, when I was in school, I used to think I should love to be a kindergarten teacher, and after my babies came, I made it quite a study. I got the gifts, and taught them many of them; but I now believe that too much time is spent in amusing children instead of letting them amuse themselves. Children are highly imaginative, and by many little arts and devices work is easily made play. Sometimes ours is the White House kitchen, and I am the chief and they are the underservants. Again, when I am in one part of the house and they in another, I am a poor washerwoman, and they have to keep the house. They love to be "Five Little Peppers," and mourn because there are only four of them, and Ben has to be gone

all of the time, still I think they love best to be home-keepers for papa.'

I noticed that each one of the children had a low hook for her wraps. Even the three-year-old Roy always got his, and he brought them to some one to put on, and when he came in and they were taken off, he always went and put them away.

It was so with their playthings. Each child put away his own, and if they played in company, they put them away that way. It was sweet to see Roy come to his mother, and say, 'I's pick up my cars pins, mamma,' and she answered, with a kiss, 'That was mamma's little help man.'

At eleven Nellie took Roy and Lucile, and went for her rest, as she called it. When she came back, I asked her what she meant. 'I always plan my work so that I can lie down and rest for fifteen minutes when the children take their nap. It is such a comfort to have Roy put his arms around my neck, and say, "I's put you to sleep, mamma." I usually doze off, and I am so refreshed that I am more than repaid for the effort.'

The girls came in for dinner at twelve ten, and Mr. Morton soon followed. As soon as the girls had hung up their wraps, they went to the kitchen, put on dark aprons over their white ones, and began helping Nellie take up the dinner. The vegetables and meat were put in the warming oven, and the soup brought to the table. After we had finished our soup, Doris and Elizabeth removed the dishes and brought on the dinner. In the same way they carried out the dinner plates, and served the dessert. During my visit Nellie never left the table to wait on us.

As the children had one hour and a half at noon, they were able, with Nellie's help, to have all of the eating dishes finished before going to school.

I asked Nellie why they had dinner at noon.

'Because the children go to bed so early they can't have a late meal. I try for the sake of the children to have all of our meals simple, and our dinner isn't more than many have for luncheon.'

The children were home from school by four, and after each had practiced for fifteen minues they were off for a half-hour's play.

At five, Doris came in and prepared the children's supper. She used their doll's table and dishes. They had hot cocoa, and bread and butter, and little sponge cakes. It was a simple meal, yet they seemed to enjoy it. After they had finished, they seemed to enjoy equally well the clearing away and washing up of their dishes.

As they went away for play again, Nellie said, 'Unless I have company or am unusually busy, I always get their little supper myself. I try to have it a surprise, and fix it nicely, and they play that I am their serving maid. While they are eating and washing up their dishes, I read to them. As far as possible, from the time school is out until they are in bed, my time is theirs. They help me so that I can play, read, or walk with them, and the very mention of having a servant girl in the house again makes them cry out, "O mamma, don't! We like it best this way, and we will help all the more, and then you won't be too tired." For many times I have been tired and ready to give up, yet I know, on the whole, we are lots happier. There is less quarreling among the children and less of "Mamma, what shall I play now?" Though we don't pay them, they know by their help they save at least fifteen dollars a month, and we are putting that out at interest, so they can have it when they are older.'

It was nearly seven when Mr. Morton came home for supper, and after we had finished, he had a romp of five minutes with the babies. Then Nellie sat down to the piano and played one of their school marches, and they were off to bed.

When Nellie was back from putting the children to bed, I said, 'I never saw children go to bed without a murmur, as yours do.'

'They know no other way. From the time they were little babies, I fed them and put them to bed at fixed time, so that eating between meals and staying up past bedtime is unknown to them.'

'Don't the children practice more than twenty-five or thirty minutes a day?'

'That is all the time I require of them. Doris loves her music so well that she usually puts in much more time. Often she will practice fifteen or twenty minutes before breakfast.'

My visit in Nellie's home gave me food for thought, and while I had come hoping to convert her, what could I say when she said, 'Now, Edith, you can't believe that I ought to leave these little ones, whose confidence I have, to the care of some ignorant girl, while I am off to the club or at something similar?'

Household Hints

Paint brushes on which the paint has been allowed to harden may be very easily cleaned if they are put to soak for a few hours in linseed oil. This will soften the paint and they can be rinsed in turpentine until they are clean.

Sometimes one is unfortunate enough to swallow a bee or wasp sting in some fruit, and so get stung in the throat. The best remedy is to chew and eat a small onion. It is unpleasant, of course, but as such stings if left alone may have very serious consequences, and this is one of the simplest and best remedies, it is well worth trying.

Children who suffer from diarrhoea should not be allowed to drink milk till it has been boiled. The white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth and whisked up with a little beef-tea or boiled milk, will often check an attack. Rice, in any form, is excellent for children who are troubled with diarrhoea.

Fruit is principally valuable for its salts and free acids, required by the system at all times, but more especially when the weather is warm. Fruits, owing to these, cool and purify the blood, and keep the entire alimentary canal in a healthy condition. If children were fed liberally on fruit, they would be in better general health.

A writer in our exchange says: 'There is no better remedy for the sting of a bee or wasp than common mud. The writer, not long since, watched a kitten which treated a bee with undue familiarity and was stung on the nose, promptly rub the injured member in the mud and earth. A little earth and water will almost instantly relieve the suffering of a child from this cause if it is promptly applied.'

Selected Recipes

Bread and Fruit Pudding.—Line a plain mould or buttered baking dish with slices of bread dipped in milk to soften. Then fill the mould with layers of sliced apples, seeded raisins, a little sugar, and grated lemon peel. Beat three eggs light and add two cups of hot milk with a pinch of salt. Pour over the fruit and bread and bake in a moderately hot oven until custard is set in the centre. Serve with vanilla sauce.

Vanilla Sauce.—Put one pint of milk in a farina boiler, beat yolks of four eggs with two tablespoonfuls of sugar until light. When the milk is scalding hot pour it over the eggs and stir until thoroughly mixed. Return to double boiler and stir and cook until the custard will coat a silver knife. Remove from the fire and cool slightly, then add a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Prune Pudding.—Use one-half pound of prunes stewed till very soft. Drain off the juice, remove the stones and whip till smooth. Beat whites of three eggs very stiff, stir half a cup of sugar into the eggs gradually, then add whipped prunes; beat well together, and bake for ten minutes in a moderate oven. Serve when cold with whipped cream.

Cabbage Stewed in Milk.—Slice a small cabbage into shreds, cook it in boiling salted water, with a pinch of soda, for fifteen minutes; turn into a colander, strain thoroughly, return it to the stewpan, add one pint of milk and a grating of nutmeg; cook until very tender, uncovered; there should be very little milk remaining in the kettle; add salt and pepper and bits of butter; serve very hot.

PATENT REPORT.

For the benefit of our readers we publish a list of patents recently granted by the American Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Can., and Washington, D.C. Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Nos. 747,384, Messrs. D'Artois & Brouillette, Waterloo, Que., mowing machine; 747,418, Joseph D'Halewyn, Nominingue, Que., rotary engine; 748,629, Frank Meanley, Mount Elgin, Ont., reverse motion for steam engine; 748,861, Arthur Guindon, Montreal, Que., rotary engine; 749,192, H. V. Hillcoat, Amherst, N.S., combination ball and roller bearing; 749,231, John J. Shannon, Montreal, Que., can making; 749,742, W. L. McLean, Yonge Mills, Ont., steam engine for curd cutting machine; 750,028, Felix Gregoire, St. Jean Baptiste, Man., car brake; 750,055, Ad. Lambert, Manchester, N.H., curtain bracket.

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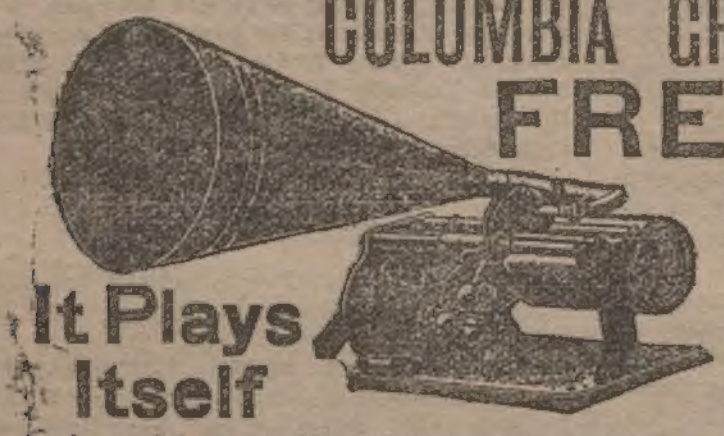

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for selling only 10 large, beautifully Colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to the Cross I Cling," at 25 cents each. Every purchaser gets a 50c. certificate free. These pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. This dainty and reliable Lady's Watch has Gold hands, fancy dial, is stem wind and set, with jewelled movement and solid silver nickel case with roses and leaves beautifully enamelled in natural colors. Agnes Patterson, Nanaimo, B.C., writes: "I was delighted to get such a surprise. It was always my ambition to have a watch, but such a little beauty as you sent me took us all by storm. All my companions are going to earn a watch like mine." We want every girl and lady who has not a watch already to write for the Pictures at once. Address, **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 414 Toronto.**

HANDSOME WATCH FREE

for selling at 25c. each only 6 large beautifully colored Pictures 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages," all handsomely finished in 12 colors and fully worth 50c. A Certificate worth 50c. will be given free with each picture. This handsome Watch has polished silver nickel case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and imported Swiss movement. Ralph Lamb, Chapleau, Ont., writes: "I am very proud of my beautiful watch and would not trade with my father." Boys, write us to-day and we will send you the Pictures to sell. **THE COLONIAL ART CO., DEPT. 462 TORONTO**

ELEGANT FUR SCARF ONLY $2.69

Send No Money

Just mail to us your name and address, distinctly written, also the name of your nearest Express Office and we will send free, to examine, this **magnificent Ladies' Neck Scarf** made of finest quality French black Lynx.

The Scarf has six (6) large full tails, measures about 46 inches, is seven (7) inches wide in back and fastens with a handsome Neck Chain.

When it arrives at your Express Office you can call and examine it, try it on, and if you don't think it as good as you can buy from your local dealer for $5.00, all you have to do is to refuse it and the Agent will return it to us without one cent of expense to you.

If you like it pay the Agent only $2.69 and express charges (about 50c.), and you will have the greatest bargain in furs offered this season.

If there is no Express Office convenient to you we will send the Scarf by registered mail, for $3.50, and will cheerfully refund the money if you are not perfectly satisfied with your purchase. Address, **JOHNSTON & CO., DEPT. 499 TORONTO**

HANDSOME ALBUM FREE

SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and address plainly written and we will send you postpaid 7 of our beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "Angel's Whisper," "Rock of Ages" and "The Family Record," at 25c. each. **A Certificate worth 50c. free with each one.** When sold return money and we will immediately send you **absolutely Free** the **Handsomest Photograph Album ever given away.**

It is full size, with silk plush back and beautifully embossed colored celluloid covers, handsomely finished with Gold edges and Gold spring clasps. **Send your name and address at once** and in a few days you will own an Album that you will be proud to have in your parlor. Address The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 465, Toronto

DIAMOND RING FREE

We will give you this beautiful Gold-finished Ring, any size, set with a large magnificent African Diamond, full of fire and perfectly cut, if you will sell only 4 of our large beautifully colored Pictures, named "Angel's Whisper," "Rock of Ages," and "The Family Record," at 25c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) Every Picture is handsomely finished in 12 different colors, and is fully worth 50c. Write for the Pictures to-day. We guarantee the sparkle of the stone in this Ring to be equal to a genuine Diamond, costing hundreds of dollars. **THE COLONIAL ART CO., DEPT 466 TORONTO.**

FREE

BEAUTIFUL LADIES WATCH AND LONG GOLD CHAIN

Send No Money

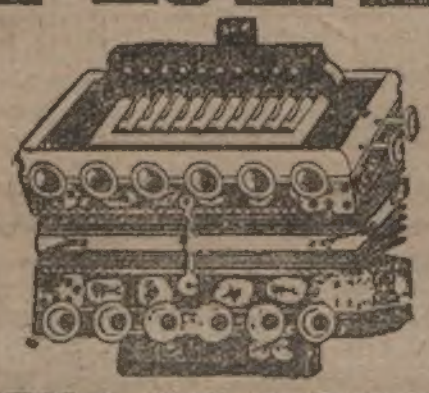
Just your name and address, plainly written and we will send you postpaid 14 large beautifully colored pictures 16x20 inches, named "Angel's Whisper," "Rock of Ages," and "Family Record," to sell at 25 cents each. A Certificate worth 50 cents given **free** with each one. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you **absolutely free.**

An Elegant Little Watch also a Beautiful Gold Finished Chain

48 inches Long

The watch is the prettiest you ever saw. It has dainty gold hands, decorated dial, fancy edge, reliable jewelled movement and handsomely polished silver nickel case on which roses and leaves are beautifully enamelled in colors. **Ladies and Girls send your name and address to-day, sure. THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept 466 Toronto.**

Handsome Accordeon FREE



SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and address, plainly written and we will send you postpaid 16 large beautifully Colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named, "Rock of Ages," "Angel's Whisper," and "Family Record," to sell at 25c. each. **A Certificate worth 50c. free with one Picture.** When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you **absolutely free** this handsome, powerful, sweet-toned Accordeon, with fine mahogany case, 10 keys, 3 stops, 2 sets of reeds, double bellows, and beautiful nickel ornaments and clasps. Understand this is not a cheap worthless instrument as are many of these advertised, but one which we can warrant as first class and to please and delight all lovers of music. Send name and address today. The Colonial Art Co., Dept 465, Toronto

PUNCHING BAG and BOXING GLOEVS EASILY EARNED

BAG is full-sized, ed bell-shaped, made of strong kidleather, over a canvas-covered, gum-rubber bladder, quick and light, can be attached to ceiling and floor. **GLOVES** standard size, weight seven ounces; Sharkey's design, Yucatan palm, wine-color kid, back, filled with best quality curled hair. We give you either this punching bag and attachments or the set of four gloves exactly as described above **absolutely free** for selling only **10** of our large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "Family Record," and "Rock of Ages," at 25c. each. **A certificate worth 50c. free with each one. BOYS,** send name and address to-day and we will mail the Pictures, postpaid. You can easily sell them in half an hour as they are the largest and most beautiful Pictures ever sold for 25c. address **The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 464, Toronto**

BOYS! WE WILL GIVE YOU THIS ALL WOOL SWEATER,

extra heavy weight, close knitted, any size, **absolutely free** for selling only 10 of four large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named, "Angel's Whisper," "Rock of Ages," and "Family Record," at 25c. each. **A Certificate worth 50c. free with each picture.** Our Pictures are handsomely finished in 12 different colors, and have never before been sold for less than 50c. **SEND NO MONEY. We trust you.** Simply write that you want to earn a sweater and we will at once send the pictures postpaid to be delighted with the elegant sweater we will send you for your trouble, address Colonial Art Co., Dept, 463, Toronto

It will take only half an hour to sell them and you cannot fail

FREE MAGIC LANTERN

Just send us your name and address on a Post Card, and we will mail you postpaid, 5 large beautifully colored pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are beautifully finished in 12 different colors, and are well worth 50c. You sell them for only 25c. each, and give a free certificate worth 50c. to each purchaser, return us the money and we will immediately send you this large, well made, finely finished Lantern, with 3 fine focusing lenses, an excellent reflector, and a large lamp which shows a strong, clear, white light, reproducing the pictures in a clear, distinct form on the sheet. With the Lantern we also send 12 beautifully colored slides illustrating about 72 different views, such as Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, Clown's performances, etc., etc., and full directions. Address, The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 417 Toronto.

BOYS EARN THIS WATCH

With Solid Silver nickel case, fancy edge, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement by selling only 7 of our large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "Rock of Ages," "Angel's Whisper" and "Family Record," at 25c. each. **A Certificate worth 50c free with each Picture.**

SEND NO MONEY

Simply write us that you would like to earn this handsome Watch and we will send the pictures at once postpaid. You can easily sell them in half an hour as they are the largest and most beautiful pictures ever sold in this country for 25c. Write us to-day. Every boy will be delighted with this handsome Watch. The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 458, Toronto.

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